The Beaver

SUMMER 1966

From the Narrative of a Second Voyage in Search of a Northwest Passage and of a Residence in the Arctic Regions during the years 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833. By Sir John Ross, R.N.

Arctic Journal

We did not observe any propensity to falsehood, or disposition to deceive; and, on every occasion, there seemed a desire to communicate all the information in their power, while, as far as we examined, this also proved correct. It was on the same principle, that we could always trust their promises; there was the "point of honour" engaged; and on the only occasion on which they broke one, in not keeping an appointment as guides, they long after accused themselves of " being very bad" for not giving notice; though, to have done so, would have been to lose a day of their hunting when they were without provisions.

Hudson's Bay Company

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

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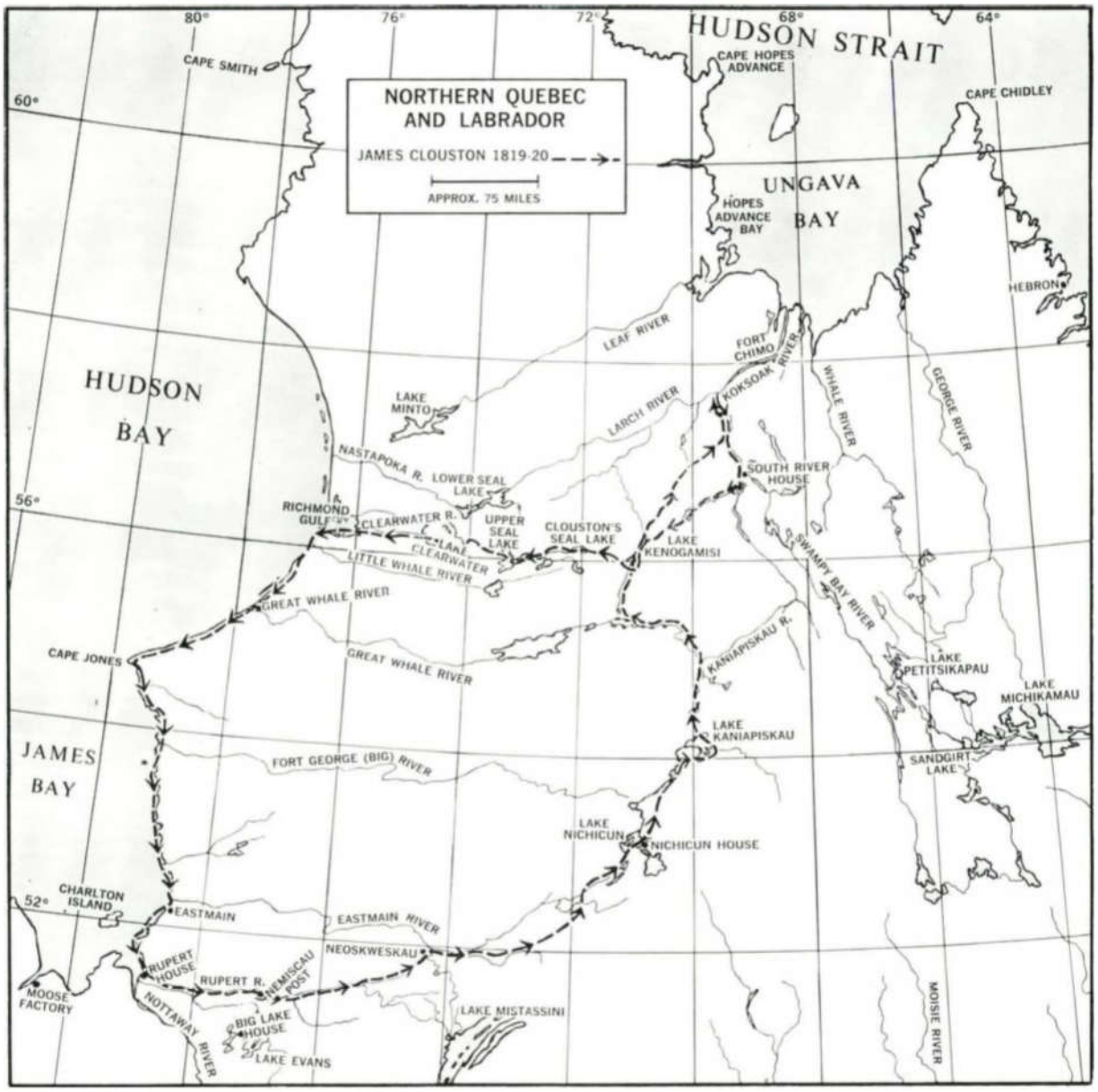
JAMES CLOUSTON'S JOURNEY



BY GLYNDWR WILLIAMS

lecturer in history at the University of London

Grateful acknowledgement is made to the Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company for permission to quote from the Company's archives and from Volume XXIV of the Hudson's Bay Record Society.

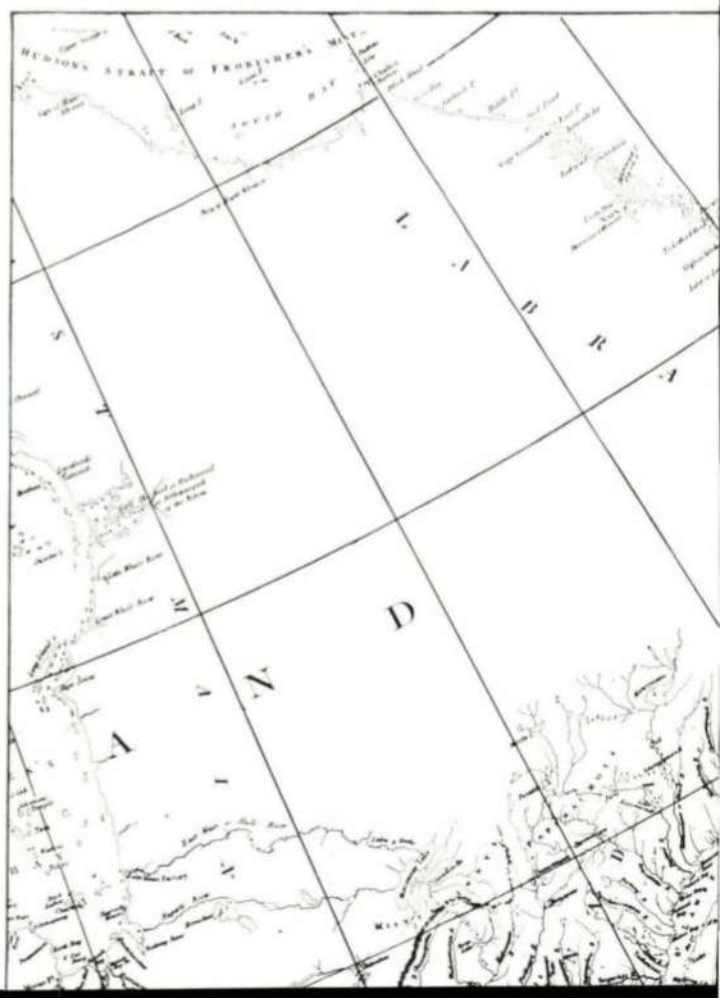
Across the Labrador Peninsula in 1820

UNTIL THE PUBLICATION of his journals in Volume XXIV of the Hudson's Bay Record Society James Clouston was an obscure and little-known explorer, rating at best a few lines in the standard histories of the Hudson's Bay Company, and rarely mentioned in even the most comprehensive works on North American exploration. His pioneer surveys in the Labrador peninsula* were overshadowed by those of John McLean, described by that redoubtable character in his published *Notes of a Twenty-Five Year's Service in the Hudson's Bay Territory*. Yet McLean was only one (if the most energetic) of a succession of Company traders who explored the Labrador peninsula between 1816 and 1841; and in its contribution to geographical and anthropological knowledge Clouston's journey of 1820 rivals any of those made by McLean.

Clouston began his career with the Hudson's Bay Company in unorthodox fashion. He left the Orkneys at the age of twenty-one to become a schoolmaster at Eastmain Factory. Seawards the little post faced James Bay, and beyond that a country familiar to generations of Company traders; but inland lay a vast, inhospitable region never crossed by Europeans. Aaron Arrowsmith's map of North America published in 1814 betrays the lack of knowledge about the interior of Labrador at this time. North of Eastmain River the geography of the country away from the coast was a complete mystery. Journeys into the interior had been made from the Company posts along the East Main, and by Canadian traders working from their bases on the northern shores of the Gulf of St Lawrence; but these had been confined to the area of fur-trade rivalry southeast of James Bay, and traders had rarely gone north or east of Lake Mistassini. Eastmain Factory was as much a frontier post as any Company station in the west, and before long Clouston's attention turned in the direction of exploration rather than school-teaching. In 1810 he asked the London Committee to send him a reflecting telescope, a sextant and some other instruments, and the next year he left the schoolroom for the rigours of inland trading at Lake Neoskweskau.

Clouston soon showed himself to be one of the most resourceful of the Company servants on the East Main. Apart from his normal trading operations he made several short exploratory expeditions, and by 1818 had mapped in rough-and-ready fashion the country around Lake Mistassini, Big Lake, Lake Neoskweskau and Lake Nichicun. Even these short probes had revealed the obstacles in the way of attempts to push deep into the interior. Although the steep plateau wall which made access into the interior difficult in most parts of the Labrador peninsula fell away to a gentle slope east of James Bay, few of the rivers running across this area maintained a regular depth and flow. Individuals travelling light could move freely over the frozen landscape in winter, but for the supply brigades open water and canoes were essential; and here problems multiplied. Many of the streams were impossible to use in summer when the water was low, and nowhere north of the Nottaway River were white-birch trees found growing large and straight enough to provide bark suitable for building canoes. Even when supplied with canoes from Moose or posts farther south, the East Main traders faced harassing difficulties. In a region where rivers and lakes covered more than a quarter of the total area, portages were not

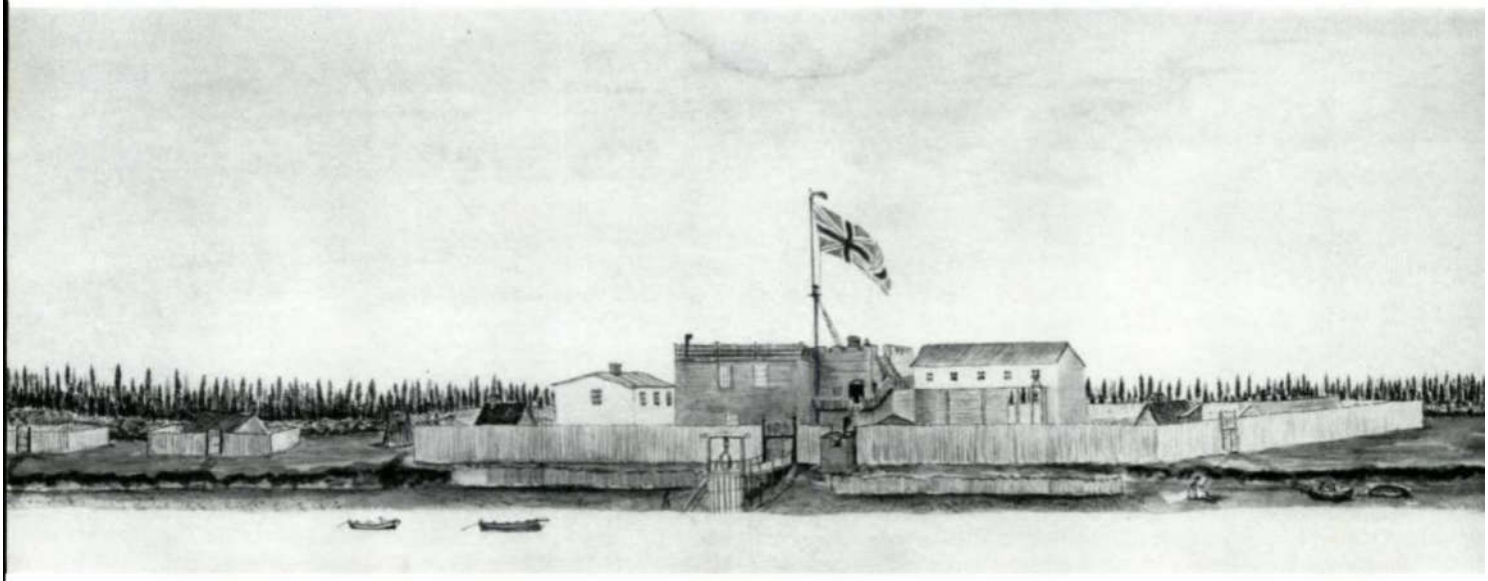
Section of the Arrowsmith map of 1814, James Bay lower left, Ungava Bay to the north shown as South Bay.



* Throughout this article the name Labrador is used, not in its modern political sense, but as a geographical term to cover the entire peninsula north of the Gulf of St Lawrence and east of Hudson Bay and James Bay.

usually long; but they were numerous. Between Rupert House and Lake Mistassini there were fifty in less than three hundred miles of paddling. The distance between Rupert House and Lake Waswanipi in a straight line was only one hundred and sixty miles, but trade canoes sometimes took five weeks to make the journey.

These difficulties of communication and transport made it essential for traders voyaging inland to live off the country as far as possible, but on the bare, windswept uplands of the interior this was no easy task. Most of the topsoil had long since vanished, and although in the southern part of the peninsula forests of black spruce covered the valleys and low ridges, farther north the boulder-strewn surface was carpeted only by lichens and mosses. Even the Indians had not entirely mastered the intimidating problems of survival in this bleak region, which experienced some of the most severe winter conditions in the North American continent. The impact of these was memorably summed up by a Canadian trader when he commented that "one would need to have blood like brandy, the skin of brass and the eyes of glass, not to suffer from the rigours of a Labrador winter." The effort to open up the interior would be worth making only if profitable trading opportunities existed among the inland Indians; but on this point there was in Clouston's time a worrying shortage of reliable information. South of a line from Hamilton Inlet on the Atlantic coast to Lake Mistassini lived the Montagnais Indians, who often visited the Company posts and the Canadian traders along the Gulf shores to barter their furs. Farther north little was known about the country or its inhabitants; for there roamed the remote and primitive Indians called the Naskapi, whose numbers, hunting-grounds and willingness to trade all remained uncertain. There was some contact with them at the Company posts, particularly at the new one established at Lake Nichicun under Clouston's direction in 1816, but nothing to indicate whether they might become regular fur-trappers. All that was known from their occasional appearances at the Company posts was that they seemed to be utterly dependent on the immense herds of barren-ground caribou which lived in the northern parts of the peninsula.



Eastmain Factory, from a water-colour drawn between 1804 and 1811 by William Richards who was a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company. HBC Archives

Even so, the London Committee determined that the commercial potentialities of the Labrador interior must be investigated. It feared that the Canadians were pushing north behind the Company posts on the East Main, and was uneasy about the news that the Moravian missionaries on the Atlantic coast of Labrador had in 1811 sent a vessel round Cape Chidley and into Ungava Bay. As a preliminary step it decided to survey the rivers

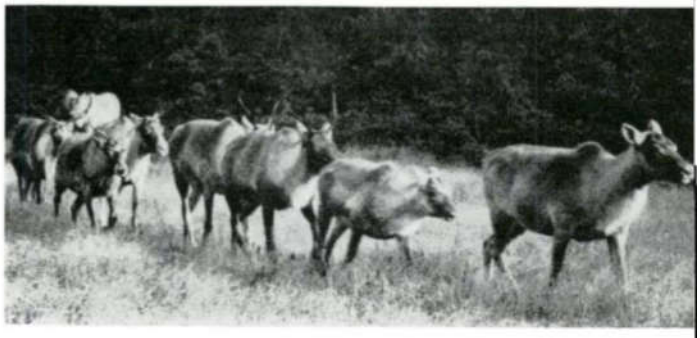
north of Eastmain Factory, and in 1816 and 1818 George Atkinson, son of a former factor and an Indian mother, explored Great Whale River and Little Whale River. The most significant information he brought back was of a negative kind: he had come across no trace of Canadian traders. The only European activity he had heard of came from Clouston's outpost at Nichicun. Clouston, situated farther inland than any other Company servant, was the obvious person to continue the work of exploration. Atkinson's close connections with the Indians, though clearly advantageous on occasion, made his reliability open to doubt; and his superiors always suspected that his private and family interests came before the Company's. Moreover, he could neither keep a journal nor draw a map. Clouston had shown an unusual zest for exploration since his arrival on the East Main, and at this time was pressing for a more energetic policy of inland expansion. In Clouston's view this should be more ambitious than that needed to contain the Canadian threat from the south. At Nichicun Clouston had listened to Indian reports of a river to the east along whose banks beaver and caribou were plentiful. His outpost attracted Indians who seldom made the long journey down to the Bay posts (three hundred miles distant from Nichicun), and Clouston hoped that the establishment of posts still deeper inland might help to turn the interior Indians into regular fur-trappers. But before the London Committee would consider the extension of posts beyond Nichicun it clearly needed a first-hand report on the country and its inhabitants; and it was this which Clouston hoped to provide on his journey from Nichicun in 1820.

The Naskapi Indians were the key to the puzzle of the geography and resources of the Labrador interior. Their co-operation was essential if Clouston and his successors were to find their way along the bewildering maze of waterways and swamps which lay on the plateau's rugged surface; and some investigation of their habits and customs was essential before it could be determined whether they might be turned into fur-trappers rather than caribou-hunters. Clouston's journal shows that he made a deliberate attempt to record as full a set of observations as possible on the life of the Naskapi Indians. The first entry in his journal carefully noted the way in which the Indians netted fish—a common enough sight to Clouston, and one which he would not normally have bothered to describe in a post journal. But the most fascinating parts of Clouston's journal are not concerned with the physical habits of the Naskapi. Long before the investigations of modern anthropologists, Clouston discovered not only that a Naskapi's existence was ruled by superstition, but that his obsession with the caribou had produced an outlook and mode of life radically different from that of most of the Indian tribes with which the Company traders were in contact. To a Naskapi the surrounding hills, valleys and woods were full of spirits—some good, some evil—and these controlled all events which befell him. Most terrible of these spirits was the fearsome devil, *Atcê n*, whose suspected presence almost wrecked Clouston's plans at one stage of the expedition. The caribou were owned by a reasonably benign spirit; but even this had to be propitiated by the observance of rituals which were just as important to a hunter's success as skill in the practical techniques of the chase. To guide him a Naskapi had his own attendant spirit, *atcâ k*, whose advice often led him to follow a course of action inexplicable to an outsider. As Clouston's journal reveals, magic, dreams, and fear were the over-riding influences working upon the Indians whose services the Company hoped to enlist.

Clouston was well-equipped to meet the task ahead of him. A wiry man of medium height, he had spent almost ten years in the interior. He had seen more of the Naskapi than any other responsible Company servant, and ap-

The Lake Nichicun country, where Clouston established an outpost in 1816.
GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

Importance of caribou to the Naskapi is shown in the photo, c. 1900, of the woman in skin clothing by the skin-covered conical wigwam. Alongside is a toboggan with the typical Labrador tapered front. The Naskapi child in hooded skin shirt and skin leggings was photographed in 1905 by Mrs Hubbard.



pears to have had a good working knowledge of their language. To accompany him when he left Nichicun on foot on 17 April 1820 Clouston took Robert Chilton, a half-breed and former pupil at his little school at Eastmain Factory, and Patrick Flyn, an Irishman who was also familiar with the Indian language. As guides and carriers he had four Naskapi: Uschemau, Adsineahanou, Mistacoosh and Cheshawan. Soon women and children brought numbers up to twenty-nine, and with the Indians heavily laden with venison (even the children had their little sleds to haul) progress was slow. Four days after leaving Nichicun Flyn shot a caribou, and that evening Uschemau presided over a ceremonial feast the details of which Clouston conscientiously noted in his journal.

"In the evening Uschemau made a feast of marrow fat and beat meat with a great deal of ceremony, which as it was new to me, I shall relate. Several painted deerskins were put on sticks near the tent on the east side, the head part of the skin to the east. The fat was placed on clean deerskins between Uschemau and the fire, and covered with deerskins. All the Indians then painted themselves with vermilion, some of them put two streaks across the face, one above the eyebrows and another on the cheeks which was continued across the nose. Others put three streaks, one on the forehead, one on the eyebrows which covered the upper eyelid, and the third on the cheeks. Uschemau had a round streak put on his breast with a little point painted in the middle and stripped his clothes off unless his breeches and stockings. Every person was then ordered to keep in the tent and all the holes on the tent carefully closed up. A painted deerskin was then wrapped round a child who could crawl but not walk. The child thus wrapped was laid outside the door, and its mother began to call to her. The child was so wrapped that it could only move like an earthworm and though it had only about two feet to crawl, about ten minutes elapsed before it could move that distance. The innocent cried in vain for assistance, though within reach of its mother's arm where she sat calling it to her. As soon as the child had got inside the door the Indian began to beat the drum and sing for a little time. He then laid by the drum, uncovered the fat, which was painted with a circle about six inches in diameter (this circle was raised above the rest of the fat), took the fat in his hands and went three times round the fire with the sun, still keeping his face and the painted part of the fat to the fire. His motion was a sort of dance. The burden of his song was 'What think you will be done to my soul'. When he had gone thrice round, he put down

The skin hood or cap of the Naskapi man had been replaced by the kerchief but the old style stone pipe was still favoured when these men were photographed in the East Main c. 1900.

the fat and went to the east side of the tent, made a hole with his hands, half up the tent, and put his mouth to this hole speaking to the morning or sunrising. A kettle was put on the coals and some fat put in it which raised a pillar of flame about four feet high: during this time he was singing and beating the drum. When the fat had burnt, he took a little bit and put it in the fire, then went round with the fat in his hands and every man had to take a little bit of the painted circle, then every boy took a bit. Next a piece of the fat was cut off, and every man and boy had to take a bite off it, care being taken that two did not bite from the same place. Next a little bit was handed to the men and boys. He then gave the whole to Cheshawan, who beat the drum and sung a little and went round giving a bit as before. Cheshawan gave the fat then to Adsineahanou who also beat the drum and sung a song and went round as before giving a bit to every man and boy, and then shared out the feast giving a lump to each. The women and girls now got a piece each, they got none before. Beat meat was then given to those who chose to mix it with their fat to eat. No person was allowed to go out of the tent till they had eaten some of the feast. Some pans were wanted from without to mix the fat and beat meat in, everyone had then to cover their fat with clean deerskin, and a girl was sent out for the pans. When she came in, everyone uncovered his fat and began to eat again. What every person had remaining must then be covered with anything and put behind themselves to eat when they pleased in the tent. None of the feast durst be taken out of the tent."

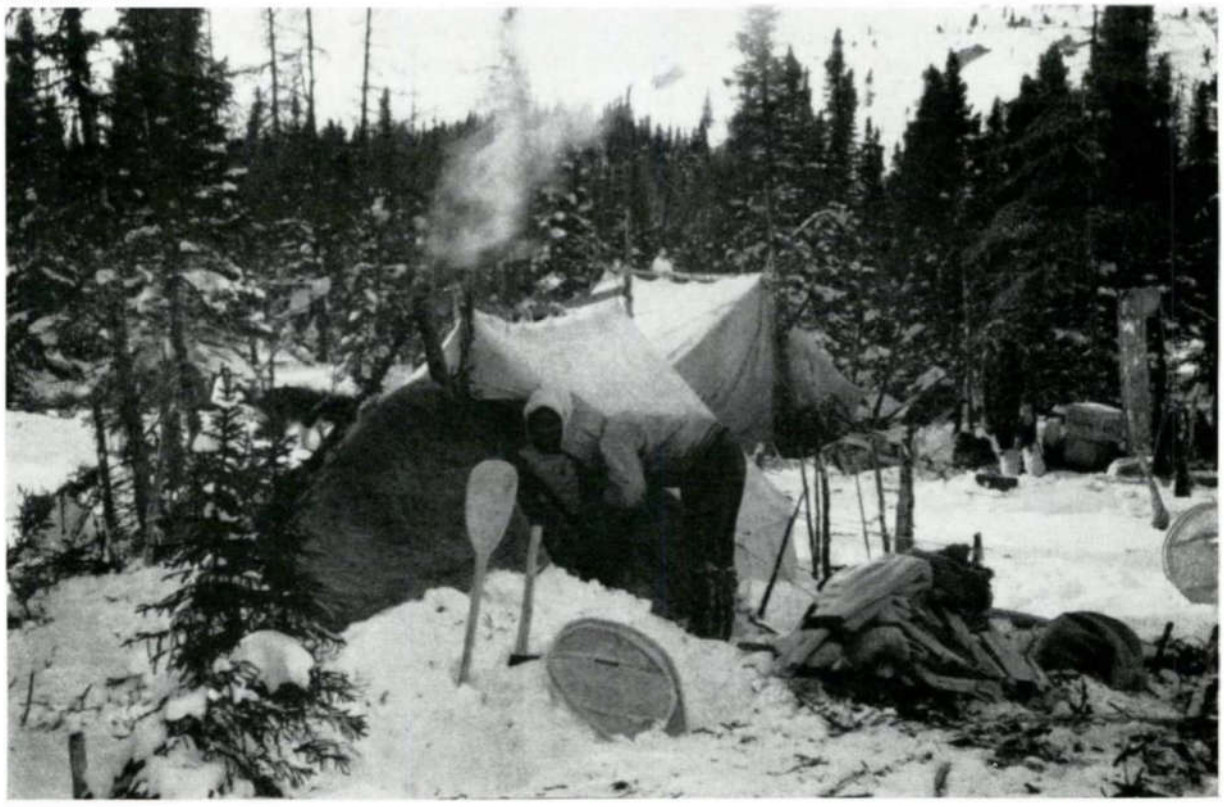
On 7 May the first objective was reached, Lake Kaniapiskau. Clouston already knew of the existence of the great lake from Indian reports, and he hoped that the river which ran from its northern end would take him to the Atlantic coast. The party stayed for more than a month at Kaniapiskau waiting for the ice to break up, and making canoes for the next stage of the journey. Since there were no large birch trees in this part of the peninsula the canoes were made from bark which had been carried from Neoskweskau, almost three hundred miles distant. While encamped at Kaniapiskau Clouston met his first serious trouble from his Indian companions, and the next day described the incident in his journal entry of 19 May.

"Last evening the Indians were panic struck. A boy was on the ice about sunset; when he came home he told that he heard a strange noise on the east side of the lake near the mouth of the river, which all the Indians concluded must have been of a devil. At first I endeavoured to dissuade them from the opinion but without effect. Their guns were brought in the tent and charged with ball. The least noise startled them, even their own breath was a terror. When it was dark they wanted the loan of my looking-glass, but their minds were too much agitated for me to trust them with it, as they most probably would have only been confirmed in their foolish opinion. And, if so, I was aware that they would separate and prevent me from getting canoes built. Patrick Flyn having killed three buck deer which had given the Indians an high opinion of him, he had also luckily told them about the arrival of the geese before they came. In order to accomplish my business I thought it would be best to seem to give in to their opinions, and gave the looking-glass to P. Flyn who took it with the seeming greatest gravity; and after a few heavy sighs wrapped himself and looking-glass in his blanket to prevent any light from getting at the glass, telling the Indians to keep quiet, and he would watch the looking-glass. Their terror gradu-

A Naskapi canoe, top, one of the crooked canoes used in the Labrador Peninsula, so-called because of the sharp rise of the ends. This and the crooked canoe under construction were photographed about 1900. Clouston's party stopped at Kaniapiskau Lake and built canoes while waiting for break-up, taking the birch bark with them and cutting the necessary timber on the spot.

This East Main camp of a scientific party in the Clearwater River area in March of the 1930s was probably not very different from Clouston's winter camps of 1820; snowshoes, blankets, toboggans, and temporary shelter were basic requirements.

J. Kenneth Doutt



ally abated as was easily discovered by their breathing, and at last sleep overcame them as the daylight was approaching. P. Flyn told them when they arose that the boy had told a lie, as he had done about a fortnight ago in telling that he heard guns and made some of the Indians to go to look for the strangers. The Indians believed P. Flyn and derided the boy for telling lies. Uschemau then went to where the boy had told he heard the noise to look if there was any track of a devil or wolf thereabouts, but found no track so that they were all made perfectly easy and completely confirmed in P. Flyn's prescience and supernatural knowledge.

"During the time I have resided in this country I had obtained some information concerning their opinions on this subject, and on this occasion I enquired as minutely as possible into their opinions when their fears were too great to prevent them from concealing their opinions; and learn that according to their notions, a devil is a material being who has power to render himself invisible on some occasions; that he only eats human flesh and kills every human person he meets; that he cannot cross a stream unless where there are dry stones that he can step from one to another; that he makes a raft to cross narrow parts of lakes, which raft he pushes forward with a setting pole. If it be so deep that he cannot get bottom with his pole he cannot cross. He is very cautious of crossing either a river or lake, and only does so when he is in pursuit of people. He never ventures on ice, lest he should fall through and be drowned or for fear that he might be seen by a conjurer who, he knows, would take advantage of his distressed situation, attack him and drown him. Conjurers if they catch a devil by surprise will destroy him but no other Indian can withstand him."

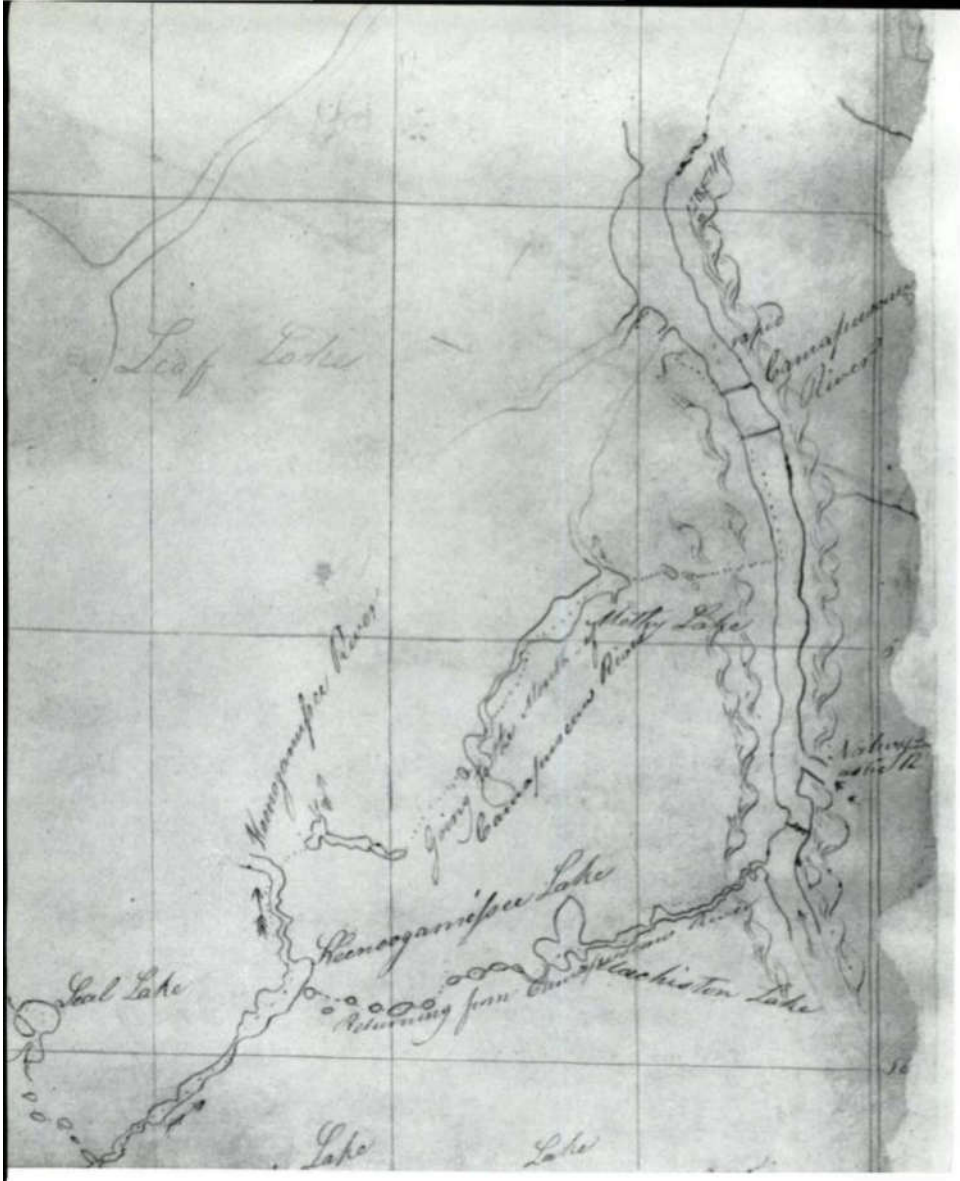
By his imaginative handling of this difficult situation Clouston had overcome the first serious challenge to the venture, but he noted with some foreboding another Naskapi characteristic which threatened the long-term success of the Company's plans for expansion in the interior. As long as the Naskapi could kill caribou they were self-sufficient.

"Deer is the principal support of these Indians. They have some cloth, but mostly wear deerskins, with the hair on it made into coats. Their leather stockings and breeches are made of deerskins, the hair of which is taken off. Deerskin thongs serve them for all cordage and hook lines, and the bones supply them with hooks for fishing. The new-born infant is swaddled in fawn skins, and the hoary head covered with the large pelt. Hairy deerskins compose their couch and most of their bedding. Kettle, hatchet, knife, gun, powder and shot and sometimes a net is all they consider necessary, so that they are much more independent of European goods than any other Indians whom I have ever seen."

Clearly, it was going to be no easy matter to turn the Naskapi into fur-trappers. The most important feature of the Naskapi year was not the trip down to the nearest Company post, but the movement of the caribou herds. In the spring and autumn the caribou followed a fixed track, and across this the Naskapi lay in wait for them. Often the slaughter was so great that only the tongues and sinews were taken from many of the carcasses, and the rest was left to rot. Occasionally the caribou took a different route, and this spelt disaster to the Naskapi; for without dried venison they would starve to death in the winter.

While still in camp at Kaniapiskau some of Clouston's guides began to show signs of temperament. First Uschemau and then Cheshawan left the party amid considerable ill-feeling, and while Clouston ostentatiously carried a four-barrelled pistol in his breast pocket Adsineahanou slept under the canoes to prevent the deserters from harming them. No material damage was done, but Clouston's quarrel with his guides had a demoralizing effect on some of the remaining Indians. All subsequent mishaps were attributed to the malicious conjuring of Uschemau and Cheshawan, and once again the expedition seemed in danger of disintegration—before Clouston had even begun the main part of his task. On 15 June matters came to a head when Adsineahanou's wife brought one of her children to Clouston with scalds, and asserted that the accident had been caused by the con-

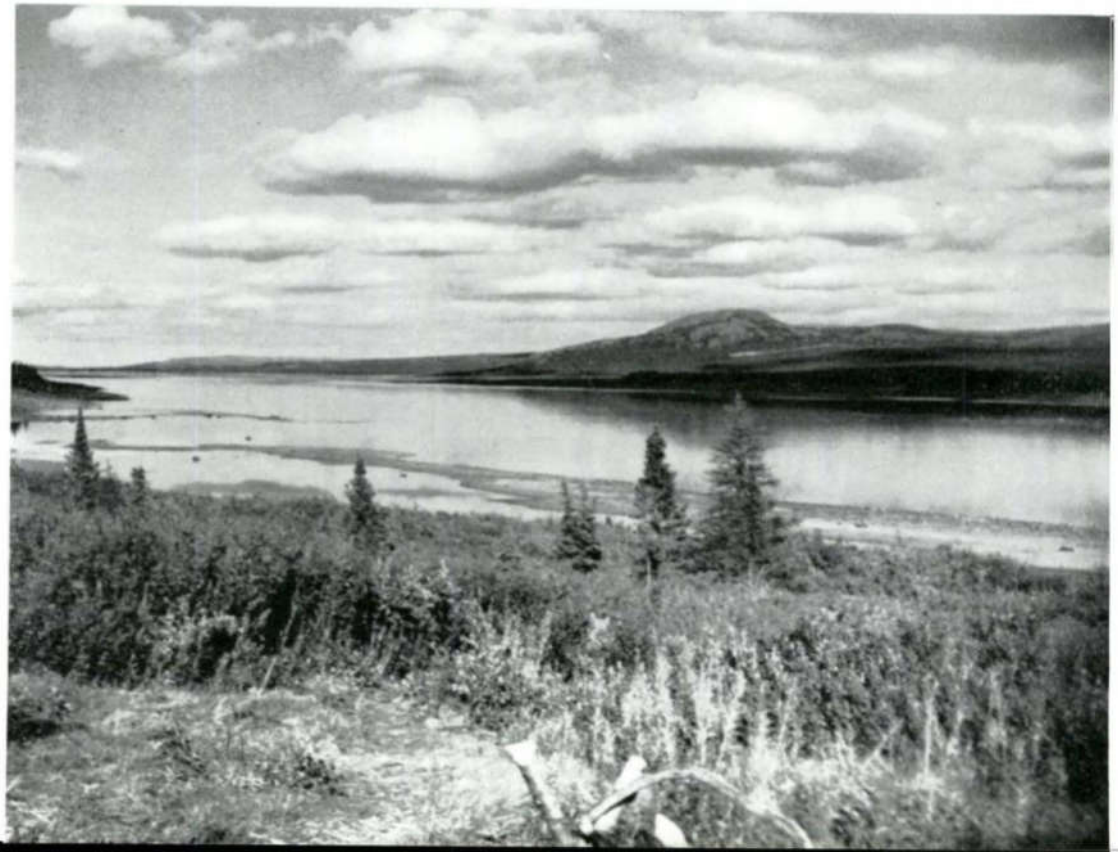
Falls on the Kaniapiskau below South River House. When deer failed, Clouston depended on fish for food; nets and hooks were set, taking mostly trout and whitefish but also pike, methy and carp. C. N. Stephen



Section of the map Clouston drew showing the Kaniapiskau and Koksoak Rivers. His Natwyastic is the present Swampy Bay River, near which South River House was established in 1832 and, in the 20th century, Fort McKenzie. The pencil lines on the map were from a drawing made by Clouston's guides; faintly marked at top left is Leaf River. HBC Archives

Opposite page: Not far from Clearwater Lake, looking east on the Clearwater River, by which Clouston returned to Richmond Gulf. J. Kenneth Doutt

Below: Looking east down the Koksoak River; Clouston was unable to follow the river to its mouth because his Indians feared a possible encounter with Eskimos. Gordon W. Moore



juring of the dismissed guides. Again, Clouston met the situation with pedagogic self-confidence and a perceptive insight into the character of the Indians.

"I knew that I might as well expect to allay the tears of an old bigoted woman at home by telling her that there were no witches or fairies, as to expect to calm this woman's mind by telling her anything contrary to her opinions. I took a quite contrary method, I declared my belief in her opinion; that although no deer was got yesterday, I was not sure but as the child who never did those Indians any harm was burnt I believed they were conjuring against us; that it was I they were against, and were trying to make Adsineahanou leave me, as well as they had done. But I should speak to my Achaak (or attending spirit) who was stronger than any Indian's Achaak and had told me much more than all the Indians knew. My Achaak knew as far as the sun, moon and stars, and assuming a firm tone said, Those Indians should not get the better of the Englishmen. I took the sextant and, after looking to the sun and turning over and over some leaves of the Nautical Almanac, told that in ten days time the child would be able to walk again and that her husband would bring home something when he came. In the evening the hunters arrived with two ducks, a white-headed eagle, one otter and a young buck deer. The sorrow at the child's misfortune was ten times overbalanced by the joy at the success in hunting and reliance on my knowledge. They exulted in my displeasure with those Indians who had caused all their misfortunes these two days. And I also felt a joy at thus dispelling my own fears of the Indian's leaving me."

Once the expedition left Kaniapiskau in its new canoes Clouston had other worries. Within a few days the Kaniapiskau River became so broken by falls and rapids that it was barely navigable, and on Adsineahanou's advice Clouston decided to leave the river valley and make for its mouth by another route. The party canoed along a series of lakes and short stretches of river (named Smooth Rock River by Clouston), meeting on the way a large band of a hundred Naskapi. Some of these were fitted out with European goods obtained from other Indians who traded at the Canadian posts on the Gulf of St Lawrence. Clouston now discovered the reason for the scarcity of small furs traded at the Company posts when he was told that these Indian middlemen to the south refused to accept caribou skins, and took only the lighter and more valuable furs — marten and otter in particular. After this encounter Clouston continued on his way, noting every now and again the latitude, longitude, and altitude of his camping places. He carried no chronometer with him, and calculated longitude by a complicated process of lunar observations which led him into errors of 2° and more. His barometer must have been faulty, for his altitudes were ludicrously inaccurate (Lake Kaniapiskau for example was placed 3491 feet above sea level instead of 1850 feet). His map suffered from these errors, and his route is not always easy to follow.

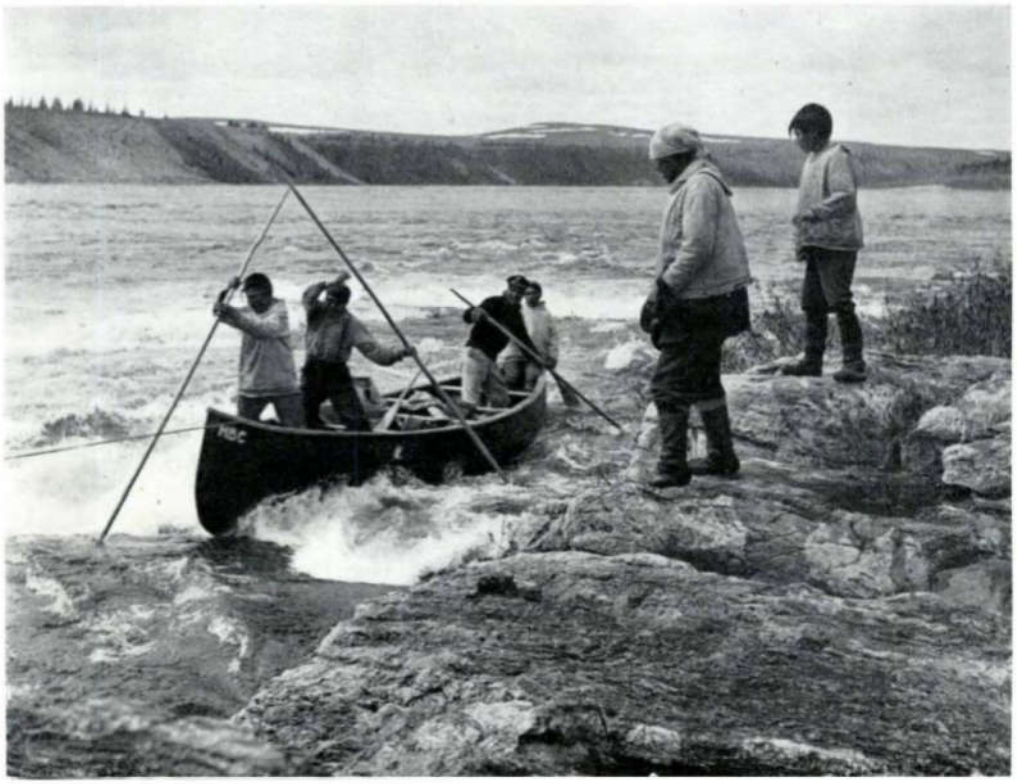
Having shaken off the influence of Uschemau and Cheshawan, Clouston was mortified to find his Indians uneasy about a more distant and unexpected threat. The collapse of one of the party in a fainting fit was instantly attributed to the powerful conjuring of George Atkinson, who from his post on the coast was thought to be casting malevolent spells over those inland Indians who had traded with Clouston's men at Nichicun instead of with him at the Whale rivers. Once more Clouston had to resort to his *Achâ k*, but had to promise to turn back if there were any further fainting fits. The party now crossed Lake Kenogamisi, and rejoined the Kaniapiskau River about forty miles above the point where it flows into the Larch River to form the Koksoak River. Clouston was approaching, not his original objective of the Atlantic, but Hudson Strait; and he rightly guessed that the river's outlet was the bay reached by the Moravian mission boat in 1811. Near this spot the traditional enmity between the Indians and Eskimos had flared up a few years earlier when some Naskapis wiped out a boatload of Eskimos, and on 8 July the agitation of his Indians about possible retaliation forced Clouston to turn back. Although he stated in his journal that he glimpsed the sea, he was still almost a hundred miles from Ungava Bay, and could have seen only a widening of the Koksoak River as it wound its way through the hills to the north.

Along the banks of the Koksoak Clouston saw the remains of vast numbers of caribou, caught and killed there by the Indians, and he was given further information about Naskapi beliefs regarding the caribou.

"My guide told me the opinion of the Indians concerning the deer which cross this river regularly every year. They are, said he, the property of a spirit, who is like a man and about the size of a boy. This spirit sends

them every year to the barren ground that lies west of Caniapuscaw, to feed in the summer, and in the fall he drives them back to the east, to put them in a mountain which is so high that no Indian can go to the top of it, where they remain all winter, sheltered from the weather. This mountain is guarded by ants as large as common frogs, by frogs as large as common foxes, by foxes as large as ordinary wolves, by wolves, bears etc. in proportion, and if any Indian was to approach the mountain they would inevitably be devoured by those things, who are only in the likeness of animals. In the spring the deer are let out and driven again to the barren ground. In the fall the owner of the deer does not find all the deer, hence some remain all winter through the country. When this spirit finds all the deer, he drives them to the mountain, but he has never yet been able to find the whole of them. Should this spirit find the pelt of a deer, just as it had been taken off, left to rot, he would be so angry that he would search the whole country and not leave one deer for the Indian who left the skin in such a manner, consequently the Indian would starve to death. I have many times heard the Indians at Naosquiscaw [Neoskweskau] say in the winter that all the deer were gone above in the east, but did not understand their notion of it till now."

Clouston returned by a different route to Lake Kenogamisi, and then swung west to Lake Clearwater and the coast at Richmond Gulf. By 22 August he was back at Rupert House. Clouston had not reached the Atlantic, as he had originally hoped; but in a single summer he had opened two different routes through unknown country across the Labrador peninsula. He had journeyed from the Bayside posts to within striking distance of Hudson Strait. He was the first European to cross the central Labrador plateau, and as a result of his surveys the outlines of the western half of the peninsula were beginning to emerge from the mists of rumour and uncertainty. After one hundred and fifty years of trading along the East Main the Company was at last obtaining reliable information about the interior and its inhabitants. The reports sent to it by Clouston were not reassuring. The trader's journeys had shown again the difficulties of transport and communication in the Labrador interior, and Clouston had not passed through any new fur region where Company posts might be profitably established. His enquiries in the interior confirmed what most traders on the East Main had long suspected: that the vast area stretching north from the Gulf of St Lawrence to Hudson Strait, and west from the Kaniapiskau River to Hudson Bay, was inhabited by only a few bands of wandering Naskapi. The Indians who accompanied Clouston provided ample evidence of the extent of country covered by individual Naskapi. The beaver which Adsineahanou traded at Neoskweskau had been trapped far away to the northeast on one of the eastern tributaries of the Kaniapiskau River. His father-in-law Mastecat had traded at Neoskweskau, Eastmain Factory and the Gulf posts. The hunting grounds of Cheshawan, one of Clouston's dismissed guides, were near Nichicun, but he traded at



Canoe of a Hudson's Bay brigade being tracked and poled up rapids on the journey between Fort Chimo and Fort McKenzie in the 1940s.

C. N. Stephen

Clouston's Natwyastic River which he passed on his return journey. A century later, as the Swampy Bay River, it was the site of Fort McKenzie.

C. N. Stephen

Whale River. Penesecan, who sometimes visited Eastmain Factory, journeyed there from his hunting grounds near the Seal lakes.

Clouston's travels with the Naskapi had provided a mass of valuable information about their movements and habits. Clouston showed a sympathetic insight into Indian life rare among traders in this region, and understood better than most Company explorers who followed him the relationship between the yearly routine of the Naskapi and the implacable environment in which they struggled to keep alive. The entries from Clouston's journal which have been quoted here reveal the explorer's awareness of the link between the role of the caribou in providing food, clothing and covering for the Naskapi, and the part they played in the Indians' spiritual life.

The preoccupation of the Naskapi with caribou-hunting on the barren lands far away from the forests where marten and other small fur-bearing animals were found could not suddenly be banished by the arrival of European traders on the scene. Perhaps wisely, the Naskapi refused to put their trust in an outside source of supply which might at any moment be removed by decisions outside their range of knowledge or control. Clouston's explorations showed that the Naskapi way of life was far removed from that of most of the tribes in the Company's traditional trapping areas south and west of Hudson Bay, and the next twenty years of effort and exhortation by the Company servants in the interior were to show how difficult it was to fit these nomads of the Labrador uplands into the normal pattern of Company trade. ◆

A TRAPPER'S TILT

By William Cochrane

WE WERE TWO against a million mosquitoes and the outrageous waters of the Unknown River,* a tributary of the Hamilton in Labrador. Paddling upstream in a canoe we were travelling towards a large lake—from which the Unknown River flows—with the intriguing name of Ossokmanuan, an Indian word meaning "where the wild birds gather". We were hugging the shore like children afraid of deeper water when we came to a clearing in the forest. Here the stunted black spruce trees had been felled and burnt in preparation for flooding in the Twin Falls hydro development. The curious log structure stood out like a naked wart, exposed, vulnerable and crusty-looking. It was a curiosity for two reasons: its strange shape and its small size.

We beached the canoe and picked our way over the muskeg and stumpy forest floor for a closer look. Later we learnt that it was a Labrador trapper's tilt. "Tilt" is an expressive word that exactly describes this kind of cabin. The name comes from the shape of the roof which, although angled like any normal roof, looks as though it has been pushed over from one end, resulting in an eave above the cabin entrance. The tilt was a trapper's winter quarters and the slanted gable was a protection against heavy snowfall, helping prevent the entrance becoming snowbound.

The tilt we found was ten feet long by six feet wide by five feet to the apex of the roof. There were three-foot-high side walls and the entrance, a two-foot square hole in the end wall, was three logs above ground level.

Coastal settlers, proud of their ingenuity, emphatically deny that a tilt is a cabin. Hand-hewn logs of black spruce, the scruffy tree indigenous to Labrador, are fitted together in the same way as the interlocking pieces of a toy building set. Neither nails nor rope are used in the construction. The cross members, closing the underside of the eaves, are secured in position by wedges. In the Goudie tilt (we named it so when we later discovered it had been built by a well known trapper, Arch Goudie) these cross pieces were the only logs out of place. The chinks between the logs were stuffed with the reindeer moss which is in abundant supply. This lichen, greenish-grey in colour and brittle when dry, has a sponge-like texture. It is a good crack sealer.

On our second visit there was a heavy rain storm but we found the inside of the tilt as dry as any city-built house. The floor was laid with a mat of alder twigs and spruce branches. Covering this was a layer of reindeer moss which made a comfortable and warm carpet and the chinking kept out the draughts.

An ex-trapper estimated the tilt to be about forty years old and confirmed that it had been built on the ruins of another tilt. The practice of using earlier foundations is difficult to explain except that it saved having to clear a fresh area.

Left in the tilt were a number of implements: two toboggans, cooking utensils and pelt boards. The toboggans, lying side by side in the middle of the floor, had deteriorated beyond use. But despite their age they were pliable, light, and smoothly finished. They had a sleek, fast-running design. At the head end of each behind the turned-up portion there was a broad beam section which reduced to a gentle taper at the heel. Our trapper friend explained the purpose of the turned-up front end and taper: the load, he said, was placed with the heaviest part about the broad section so that the toboggan could be properly balanced. A rectangular sled would drag in the snow, but the tapered design would only have its broad beam dragging in the path it ploughed. A trapper, we were told, could easily haul a thousand pounds on such a toboggan.

Stacked neatly along one wall were the cooking pots, corroded and full of holes except for one aluminum pan. Alongside the toboggans were two shaped boards resembling the sawn-off ends of canoe paddles. These were pelt stretchers for preparing the skins of muskrat, mink, and other small animals. The pelts were pulled inside out over the boards so they would dry properly and for ease of scraping away fatty tissue.

The contents of the tilt suggested that the trapper expected to return the following season—except that Arch Goudie had died of old age years ago. Now his tilt was doomed in the name of progress. ◆

* *The Beaver*, Autumn 1965

The author-photographer is an electrical engineer who lived for seven years in the Labrador.

The long-abandoned tilt built by Arch Goudie near Unknown River many years ago and, right, the entrance to the tilt beneath the overhanging gable-end of the roof.

NORTH OF SUMMER

arctic poems and prose by A. W. Purdy

With seven books of poetry to his credit, A. W. Purdy has been called "the best full-time poet in the country". Last summer he was awarded a Canada Council Fellowship and used the grant to go to the Eastern Arctic. This month he received the Governor General's award for poetry.

IN THE NIGHT OF JULY 10th I watched southern darkness change to twenty-four hours of northern light. I'd read about this 24-hours-of-daylight business before; but to actually be there at the geographical point when darkness is left behind and there's nothing but light in the sky ahead! That's a different thing than having it described on paper. It gave me a strange feeling. About five a.m. we came down through grey overcast to a land of dark hills streaked with snow, ice rimming every shoreline, from bathtub-size lakes to the wide expanse of Frobisher Bay itself. Baffin Island.

As a child in the 1920s I'd looked at an old library book containing pictures of roly-poly slant-eyed Eskimo children, red-mouthed polar bears, whales in a country Jonah never dreamed of—Baffin Island. I've remembered those pictures ever since. And suddenly, forty years later, there I was on Baffin Island myself, with an exuberance and elation I've felt only a few times before. Like coming back from Cuba in the summer of 1964, landing at Windsor Airport to go through customs, walking along a white corridor with other passengers and suddenly thinking: "Why, I'm home! This is Canada!" I wrote a poem both times.

At five a.m. the Montreal passengers stumbled from the plane at Frobisher Bay, with smudged grouchy faces averted from the smudged grouchy sky. An extrovert sailor who'd been airsick and miserable on the trip north. He was to work in the meteorological division of the Department of Transport. A brown and leathery Yorkshire engineer bound for a construction job. A couple of civilian weathermen for DOT at Frobisher. A Swedish writer-photographer team—they planned to write a book about the "North West Passage Today." (Tore and Jan always had a bottle of good Scotch in their pack, which endeared them to me for some reason.) And others, thirteen in all.

THE TURNING POINT

Over northern Canada
daylight ahead and growing
behind only darkness
at 2.30 in the morning
while the D.C. 4's engines drone

Suzanne the stewardess
is a French Canadian agnostic
which surprises me a little

Then she says most of her friends
feel the same way about god
and points where the last
darkness lingers with the moon's
silver image on the silver aircraft

"But I see angels out there sometimes"
"Human angels?" I say
She laughs and talks about going
back to U. of M. to get her M.A.
and I must have said the wrong thing

The full shape of the Arctic moves
under us and flows
into quiet islands and tilted coastlines
the world's axis turning and turning
like a planet inside your hand

Then it's lost in white mist
the sun and moon change places
but we find the world again
a few minutes later
with snow-streaked hills down there
that must be Baffin Island

A club-shaped word
a land most unlike Cathay and Paradise
but a place the birds return to
a name I've remembered since childhood
in the first books I read
a warm kind of wonder in myself now
I used to be ashamed of

It's getting cold as hell here
I guess
the Arctic is no place for shirtsleeves
The stewardess serves coffee before we land
and looks out the window absentmindedly
"What's your thesis, Suzanne?"

OVER FORT CHIMO AND AT FROBISHER BAY, 11 JULY 1965

Baffin Island is huge, nearly 1,000 miles long, and almost four times the area of England. Frobisher Bay is a kind of modern frontier town of 1,800 people, government administrative centre of the District of Franklin. Air passengers stayed at the Federal Building, a sprawling complex of offices, warehouses, workshops, etc., sold to the Canadian government by the American air force, a legacy of the last war.

I got a room with Tore and Jan and went straight to bed. At noon the three of us went sight-seeing with the Northern Affairs regional administrator, Mr McKee, and wound up going fishing. Mr McKee's wife was travelling south two days later and he wasn't in a good mood, but catching an arctic char cheered him up a little. (In case anyone doesn't know: arctic char is salmon cum trout, the most delicious fish this side of Izaak Walton's frypan.)

I stayed at Frobisher four impatient days awaiting the plane north to Pangnirtung, mostly wandering around with Tore and Jan. But after two days they flew north to join an icebreaker on its southern voyage. I was sad to see them leave. All the friends you meet going to and from and hither and yon seem to vanish just like that. Gone forever. They one way and you another. But I hope they write their book back home in Sweden, and that their prose and colour photography of the north tastes like good Scotch whisky to their readers. I hope it sells many copies.

The fifth day I hitched a ride north with a chartered Canso amphibian to Pangnirtung. It roared and wallowed and rattled through the air, above glittering lakes and muskeg, high over the tremendous ice-flecked blue of Cumberland Sound. Cumberland Sound? One of the two twin arms of the sea that makes Baffin Island on the map look like a giant toasting fork pointed at the rest of the world.

We splashed to a water landing on Pangnirtung Fiord. Wayne Morrison, the regional administrator, took off passengers and mail in an open boat. A motorized tractor-beast fumbled passengers and baggage over tidal stones to land.

Pangnirtung was more like it. The true north strong and ice-choked. "Smiling native peoples" from my childhood picturebook became flesh and blood absolutely. And since I was there to write poems I started to write them. I'd sleep till noon in the iron bunk at the hostel, wander all over the settlement of 200 Eskimos and whites in afternoon and evening, and write most of the night. And there was no night to speak of.

I stayed at Pang ten days: going to 50-cent movies with the Eskimos (mostly shoot-em-up westerns); buying groceries at H B C, watching hunters bring in their furs to the manager; going with a Department of Public Works guy from Ottawa looking for suitable gravel to mix into concrete, which we found on the old river delta at Pang; and just wandering. . . .

After ten days the DNA people made arrangements for me to go with an Eskimo family in their boat to the Kikastan Islands where they lived. And that was really the chance I'd been waiting for: to live among the Eskimos without English-speaking people around, and find out their own terms of existence.

The heavily loaded Eskimo canoe left the H B C dock in late afternoon. I took along a two weeks supply of groceries, a sack of flour for Jonahsie and his wife Regally, my portable typewriter and plenty of warm clothing. The Eskimo family had their own supplies, gasoline for the outboard, naphtha for stoves, food, etc. And of course, the two kids.

It was cold in that boat, not colder than 35 or 40 degrees, but wind on the open water of Pangnirtung

CHARLES GIMPEL

Fiord made it seem much colder. I huddled down in the bow with parka pulled over my head, and the limitations of being a soft middle-aged white man brought home to me forcibly. And tall over-hanging cliffs we passed under were a strong reminder of how dependent I was on Jonahsie, the Eskimo hunter, who spoke only six or seven words of English.

Not that I worried much—though when you're jerked directly from modern cities to a hunting culture it makes you realize how important environment can be. No restaurants or groceries, just dark cliffs and the onward stretching sea.

From the settlement at Pang to the fiord mouth is about fifteen miles. We chugged along at a fairly good clip, moving steadily through growlers and small icebergs on the way. At one point I noticed a small rocky island on which there looked to be at least fifty stranded dogs. They rushed howling and whining to the shoreline when we passed. I'm told that's an Eskimo habit—to leave their dogs on an island for the summer months when there's no sled-hauling work to be done. The islands they're on look like stone icebergs, steep and dangerous looking hills of rock attacking the air. You'd think the dogs would starve to death, but apparently they don't.

At eight p.m. our small expedition landed on another rocky island, similar to those where the dogs were marooned. And since Wayne Morrison had told me the Kikastan group contained a small Eskimo village I expected to find a substantial settlement on landing—winter houses and the works. As it turned out there were only a dozen or so Eskimos, plus dogs, and the only dwellings were transient tents. It was like getting off a train expecting to be in Montreal, but actually finding yourself in Caughnawaga instead.

Jonahsie and his wife had a spare tent in their duffel with a rip in one end. Regally sewed the rip with a hand sewing machine on the stone beach, then we hauled and tugged it into the air, with rocks to anchor the skirts. I blew up my air mattress, spread out a sack of dried lichen to make a box spring, turned a cardboard grocery box upside down as an executive's desk for my portable typewriter, and I was in business.

When supplies in the tent had taken on the accustomed disorder that accompanies me whether home or abroad, I set out to explore the little island, still trying to match it up in my mind with the Kikastan group. But it didn't look the way it was supposed to. For instance: how could the Eskimos live in those air conditioned tents all winter? And the water supply was a deep hole among boulders to which you had to lower a tin can on a long piece of cord. It would freeze solid the first cold winter night. How then—?

No use puzzling about it. I couldn't ask any questions. Jonahsie knew only the aforementioned few English words, though he seemed to recognize other words when he heard them. Besides there was nothing to be done, even if I had landed on the wrong island. I was stuck for two weeks wherever I might be located.

Leave all such worries to Jonahsie. A small brown man in a blue nylon parka with decorative red fringe at the waist, grinning at me (reassuringly?) now and then as if he thought I needed it. I had to leave it to Jonahsie.

The island was a mile long and less than half that distance wide. Brown precambrian rock piled into a hundred foot hill at one end, a small clearing at the other where the Eskimos were encamped. A couple of hundred yards away across blue water, another island, with dogs climbing around the crags like savage goats.

Guns boomed every few minutes—then a short whispering silence while echoes built up to a crescendo, bouncing off the sides of other rocky islands. Like being at the centre of a seashell, menaced by your own magnified heartbeat.

On the high rocks overlooking blue water between islands Jonahsie and a couple of other hunters lounged and smoked, rifles leaning nearby. But keeping a sharp

CHARLES GIMPEL

lookout always for seal despite this seeming negligence.

Below, on the stone beach, piles of rancid yellow blubber, detached and grisly seal flippers, tin cans, dung, broken toys, cracked and broken phonograph records, garbage of all kinds. (In the cold arctic climate decay must be a matter of weeks and months instead of days.) And floating in shallow water at high tide the fifteen-foot carcass of a white whale, blood drifting smokily away from slashed and ghostly face.

Guns boomed away on the other islands around us. Impossible to say exactly where the sounds came from, but I think they must have been louder where I heard them than at the source, the echoes building into a real Beethoven finale. Eskimo children scampered around playing 'hunting games' and other games whose rules remained secret. Dogs sidled away from me, suspicious and savage if I approached them. A weird "ouw-ouw-ouw" sound drifted through the nightlong twilight, a sound so empty of meaning or previous association that it dragged my spirits down like lead. Unlike the loon or any bird I have heard before. I found out later it was the cry of Old Squaw ducks, and birds with names like that can't be very terrifying.

Jonahsie came to my tent for tea before I crawled into the sleeping bag. The Mounties had given me maps of this southern area of Baffin, and I got them out for him to locate our present location. Pointing at the Kikastan Islands group I looked at Jonahsie, raising my eyebrows enquiringly. He shook his head and grinned. Now we were getting somewhere.

"Well, where are we then?"

The Eskimo hunter pointed to another small group of islands, father north. "Brown's Harbour? But it can't be Brown's Harbour!" It was though. Jonahsie's brown finger remained stubbornly on Brown's Harbour, as if he knew I didn't like the civilized unromantic sound of the name. And there we were. He shrugged and grinned.

Going to sleep later, huddled far down in my old sleeping bag, with those damned ducks going "ouw-ouw-ouw", I decided it really didn't sound very civilized after all. Even with a phonograph nearby grinding out "You Are My Sunshine" I couldn't mistake the place for Toronto or Montreal. And thinking of the animal carcasses and dead white whale on the beach, I re-named it mentally: Slaughter Beach — which is not to be found on any of the government maps. A place of death and empty loneliness, an island born long ago when mountains were coming to birth.

CHARLES GIMPEL

Next day I felt better. The sun was shining, and weather almost warm. In mid-afternoon we broke camp, leaving Slaughter Beach for the Kikastan Islands. I wrote this next poem along the way and later. It's a part serious and part fantasy piece. Maybe it means what you want it to mean. I was more or less happy on that trip, riding through the vivid blue sea, threading between occasional icy rubble with its glowing internal off-turquoise shade, the long stems of kelp swimming up from seal towns below. And like all journeys it gave me the feeling of being suspended between two parts of life, waiting for the real world to begin again.

ODYSSEUS IN KIKASTAN

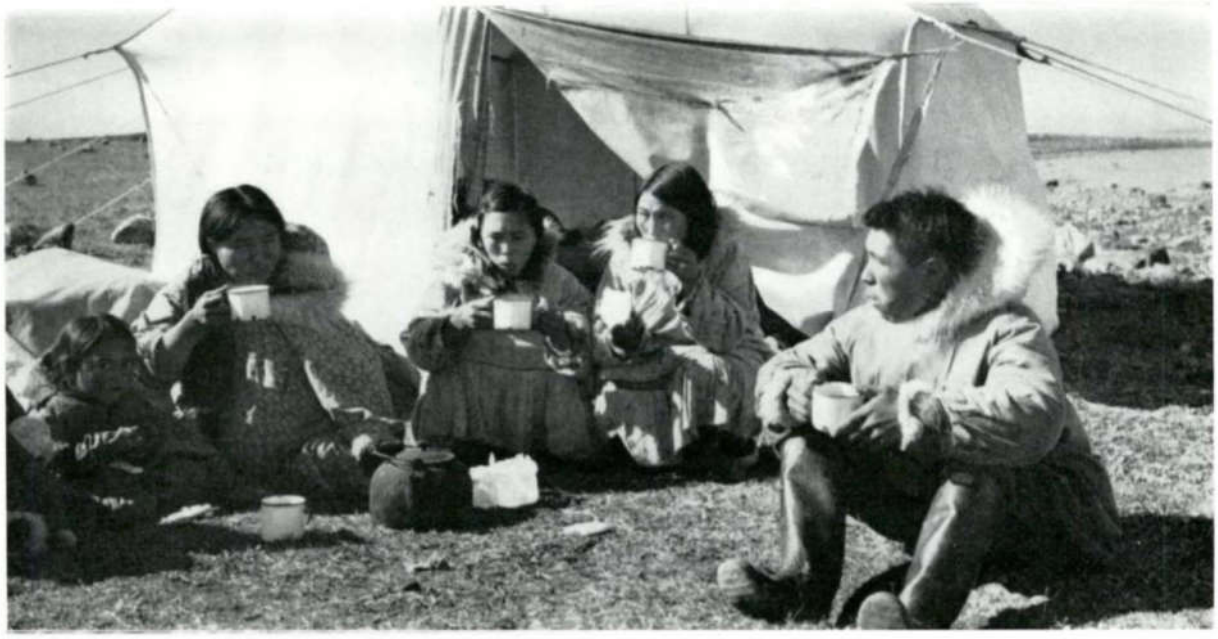
Cruising thru the summer seas
with Slaughter Beach behind us
and the Kikastan Islands ahead
while ice castles go drifting by
in the dark blue water
Jonahsie steers for the islands
and I soak up reflected sun
with 3 days beard and a hangover
from drinking so much hot tea
and being hospitable if it chokes me
tho I hate the damn stuff
Simonie makes some on the Coleman
speeding along in another boat
and Jonahsie steers close to get hot tea
for himself and his family
I make a face and refuse mine
while everybody laughs
And for some sad reason I'm happy
lounging lazily on the gunwales
a sort of creative doing nothing
that I make a specialty of
Ice castles drift by in the sunlight
blue and turquoise magic
molded and shaped by water
One looks like a bowling alley
another like Maple Leaf Gardens
here's a dinosaur's white skeleton
and a landing field for D.C. 4s
and a seagoing hamburger with relish
from Joe's Place at Frobisher
(he'll send your change by dolphin)
a king-size diamond from Tiffany's
no lady will finally wear
And you almost expect a sign
"Castles for Sale
Apply at Circe's Island"
They come equipped with obsolete plumbing
and Franklin's ghost behind the stairs
but the most delicate dripping music
mermaids dreaming of being human
an all-girl orchestra's tinkling flutes
on Jonahsie's Mediterranean Cruises maybe
What do you say Odysseus
what do you say?
If sirens sing on the Arctic islands
they come equipped with a pair of flippers
blubber lips for drinking tea
they sport a set of real false whiskers
and a cold cold bed on the floor of the sea
but they're shy of strangers
and their singing teacher
never taught them to hit high C
But the castles
well that's different
I'll take them over apartments any day
to look at not live in
and have one moved to Cote des Neiges
or a white highriser at King and Bay

But we haul our freight to Kikastan Harbour
north of the treeline south of the pole
the lord mayor dressed in his best new parka
comes down to the beach with a big hello
six white whales dance thru a seaweed arbour
and several thousand cordial dogs
plus an Eskimo official greeter
(it must be old home week by god)
and a guy with a CBC loudspeaker
who wants me to say a few words but not
unless I happen to be John Diefenbaker
—which is rather confusing so I explain
that I'm only Odysseus after all
only Odysseus after all

Well I join the Eskimo Stevedores' Union
we pack our luggage up from the sea
Now I'm hard at work on a new translation
of Homer's Odyssey Arctic-fashion
but Jonahsie invites me over for tea

—and that's what happened

KIKASTAN ISLANDS, 28 JULY 1965



R. PHILLIPS

On the islands I set up shop in the same old tent, portable typewriter on a cardboard grocery box, Coleman stove in one corner, a jumbled heap of clothing and groceries in the other.

There were only two Eskimo families on our particular island, but I'd given up trying to make the real world match the one in my head, and just made mental adjustments to the actual, keeping my preconceptions to a minimum. Only two families, but around the camp area several winter houses, apparently abandoned not long since. And I wouldn't have been surprised to wake up one morning and find them occupied again, the people having just returned from founding a colony in Carthage or Antarctica.

It became a habit of the two Eskimo wives, Regally and Leah, to visit my tent every day and drink tea. In sheer desperation at being unable to speak their language I read them poems, talked about anything that came into my head, chattered away like a compulsive idiot. In cases like this I'm sure some communication always takes place beyond the ordinary senses; one guesses and feels other people's emotions, anticipates reactions, noticing thoughts come swimming into the contour of a face and the inclination of a head. And once I had the bright idea of a sing-along, Eskimos being addicted to country music. So we sang songs in both English and Eskimo at once, until I ran out of things I knew. And certainly it was an odd feeling to listen to Burns' "Auld Lang Syne" in Eskimo, though I like that song in any language.

They sat on my air mattress drinking literally gallons of sugared tea, the two babies on their back being fed at frequent intervals. Not from bottles either. That tent must have seemed a combination music hall and nursery.

I wrote poems about everything: going hunting with Jonahsie, Eskimo washday, stone tent rings, and one about the return of Jonahsie and Simonie from a three day hunting trip I was glad I hadn't taken. Me in an open boat for three days? Besides, I don't like hunting, not since I shot a squirrel with a .22 years ago and watched the dishrag of fur wriggle slowly into death. Besides I'm too lazy.

In the hunting poem I wanted to describe what happened when the two Eskimos came back, without exaggeration and precisely as possible. Again I come to the sensed things of intuition, of which there may be little physical showing. I mean here the idea in the poem of a

R. PHILLIPS

married couple being apart three days, their lives taking two different directions, each acquiring and living experiences temporarily unknown to the other. On return, the initial strangeness between them, even after that short a time, then the gradual re-uniting of the two streams of experience.

TWO HUNTERS

Winding among the white growlers and turquoise
chessmen in the harbour,
landing among stones with the tide receding,
two hunters:
three days gone for a boatload of seal and char,
$70. worth of skins at H B C—
The dogs and children come to watch them,
but two wives stand a hundred yards away
in separate doorways;
and myself a kind of witness,
but not exactly a reporter,
"kabloona" the white man, memorizing details
outside my tent, with Old Squaw ducks
going "ouw—ouw—ouw" beyond the islands.
On the stone beach
Jonahsie strips the hide from a pair of seals,
and throws their lard-white bodies into the water,
for dogs to eat in the bloody shallows.
The two hunters turn with seeming negligence
to the place where their wives are waiting,
standing without expression in separate doorways;
the hunters speak a word or two to their wives
in the soft monosyllables Eskimos use,
as if something flowed under the words
(which weren't really very important),
to Leah and Regally—the waiting women.
I say "Hi" to both the hunters,
and then I'm silent—feeling the continuity
of their lives, almost broken by distance,
sort out essentials of what happened
in each other's absence and join again—
Dogs on the beach are fighting and eating
and roiling the water
bloody water,
and one of them yelps away from the battle defeated.
In each doorway the hunters stand with their wives,
as garbage rots slowly, the children play games,
icy chessmen in the harbour rock towards shore,
a muscle of wind leaps from the sky,
then wastes itself against blue water,
simultaneously observed by husbands and wives,
with a white man part of their background,
as the strings draw together again.
After a while they go inside—
On the beach dogs are still fighting
over the bones and shreds of seal meat,
a red pool 10 feet across in the water
is a death-area slowly widening turning blue.
And beyond these islands
other adjustments are being made.

KIKASTAN ISLANDS, 3 AUGUST 1965

LORENE SQUIRE

Time passed quickly. At night the weird "ouw-ouw-ouw" of ducks, and strong rain beating at the tent, wind inflating and deflating my canvas heart, sea sound swelled to a low roar that my ears mislocated and it seemed to come from right over my head.

Dogs congregated around the tent, fought major wars and minor battles, whined and cried like people. At intervals the dogs all howled together, beginning with a tentative wavering tremolo, rapidly swelling into Tom O'Bedlam's song of an arctic madhouse. I'd wake in the night thinking they were trying to get into the tent. The sound of running circling footsteps, thudding against the canvas, breaking two guy ropes on one occasion, urinating over the entrance flaps. . .

I didn't appreciate it. When I saw the dark dog bodies inside the white canvas, I'd scream and howl with calculated rage in an effort to discourage them. And couldn't. I think they must have loved me.

If it wasn't dogs there'd be an ear-bursting roar in the night to take their place. I thought of polar bears, it wasn't polar bears. (They thought too much of their skins to hang around Jonahsie.) Or the Last Trump, but it wasn't the Last Trump—though it could have been celestial clubs pounding. The racket was caused by huge chunks of ice left stranded after the out-going tide, splitting thunderously apart by reason of their water support being withdrawn.

But I got used to it. And sitting in that cold tent on the Kikastan Islands I began to realize that all the books I'd read about the Arctic prior to going there amounted to a mere collection of statistics. Like staying in a small room, reading newspapers and encyclopedias to discover the nature of the world outside.

You have to be there, see the colour of things, the look of land and people. And throw away the preconceptions. The Arctic does not seem to me, as many books and articles describe it—a strange barren alien place, unfriendly to man. That's a cliché used by writers who've read other writers, and can't think for themselves.

Like any other region of the world the Arctic is not just one thing. It's a great many. The colours are there if you look, and the friendliness is there if you know how to find it. But you have to look for yourself. As Margaret Avison has said:

> "Nobody stuffs the world in at your eyes,
> the optic heart must venture—"

At the end of two weeks Jonahsie and I went back to Pangnirtung, Leah and Regally standing among the stone dolmens on the beach to wave goodbye. After I'd paid him at H B C in Pang we shook hands, and he went off on his own concerns.

Perhaps the language barrier and separate enclosed worlds of Eskimo and white forbid any other outcome. For two weeks our lives had interlocked to some extent, just as the time spent with my two Swedish journalists had partially meshed with my own time.

I remember Tore's whitish-blond hair, he standing on a rock by the Sylvia Grinnell River, waving a bottle of scotch and grinning. I remember Jonahsie, the Eskimo hunter, riding out to sea on a hunting trip, wearing a soiled white terylene shirt while I shivered inside a heavy parka. And I think of many people like that—one typical look or gesture identifies their memory, which is really all that's left of a brief friendship. Though perhaps a little sadness.

August was drawing to an end. I had "promises to keep" in the south, and waited for a plane. I'd stagger down to the beach, burdened with a load of duffel, only to find the plane overloaded already. And stagger back to the hostel and wait for another yellow bird.

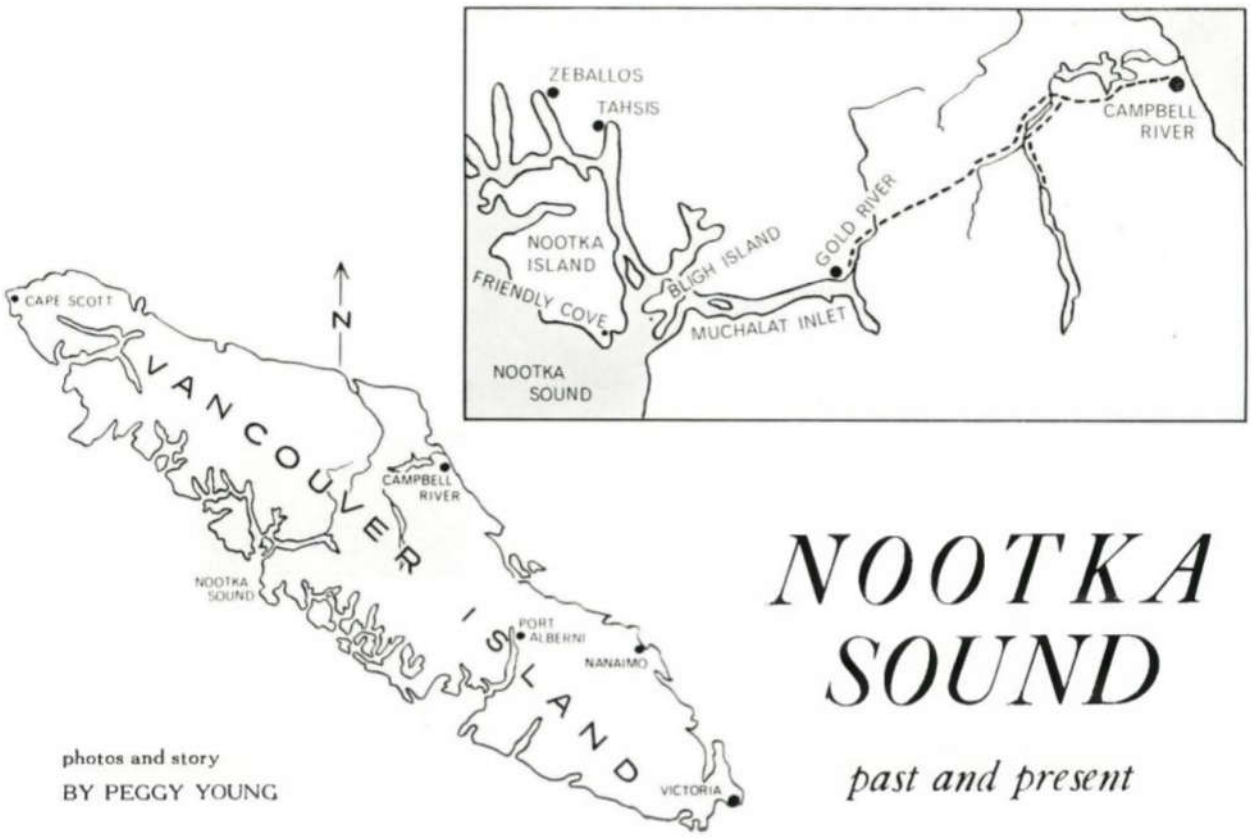
One evening I was returning from the RCMP office, the sun had just dipped under the horizon, leaving a broad gold bar stretching from headland to headland across the mouth of Pangnirtung Fiord. I stood in the mud and watched it for a few minutes, with a feeling of sadness that I was going.

WHAT DO THE BIRDS THINK?

Are they exiles here from the rest of the world?
Déjà vu past egg and atom
from the yellow Sahara-ocean
or farmlands in Ontario
a witness hanging daubed
in the rural blue
while a plowman half a mile down
in the dark field with a snoring tractor
moves in circular sleep?
Or exiles from the apple country
where Macs and Spies plop soft
on wet ground in slow autumn days
with the rotten tangy odour
of cider rising on moonwept nights?
Have they lists and a summary
of things elsewhere and
remember the crimson racket
encountering tropic strangers
or nests of an old absence
lined with a downy part of themselves
far south?
And being south do they think sometimes
of the rain and mists of Baffin

and long migrations wingtip to wingtip
a mile high
and mate to mate in the lift and tremble
of windy muscles pushing them
pushing them where?
And do they ever
an arrow leader pointing the way
touch wearily down on ships passing?
—"Rest here a while and go on!"
(Forgotten in the hurry
of their streaming generations
another captain
called Noah
& Bjarni Herjolfsson
in horned helmet
and the sweeps' silver lifting
to a luring Hyperborean ocean
or whaling ships' myopic stumbling
from dull wave to dull wave and the
paint of the bright-over-the-horizon-gazing
woman flaked with salt)
How are we kept here
by what bonds
are we always exiles
a chirping roar in the silence
of foxes and watery romp of walrus
in the long sea lands
or perched on rubbery muskeg
like blue teacups
or lost brown mittens
by what agency of restlessness
in the driftwood heart?
Until on a day the eggs hatch
and the young are trained to endurance
ice rattles the shroud of summer
the flight plans sent
the log book sand is scribbled on
"Goodbye—we are going—Hurry"
and mounting a shaft of sunlight or
the mizzen mast of the sky
they climb and go
And that is the way it is?
Except perhaps I wonder
do they ever
remember down there in the southland
Cumberland Sound
and the white places
of Baffin
that I will remember soon?

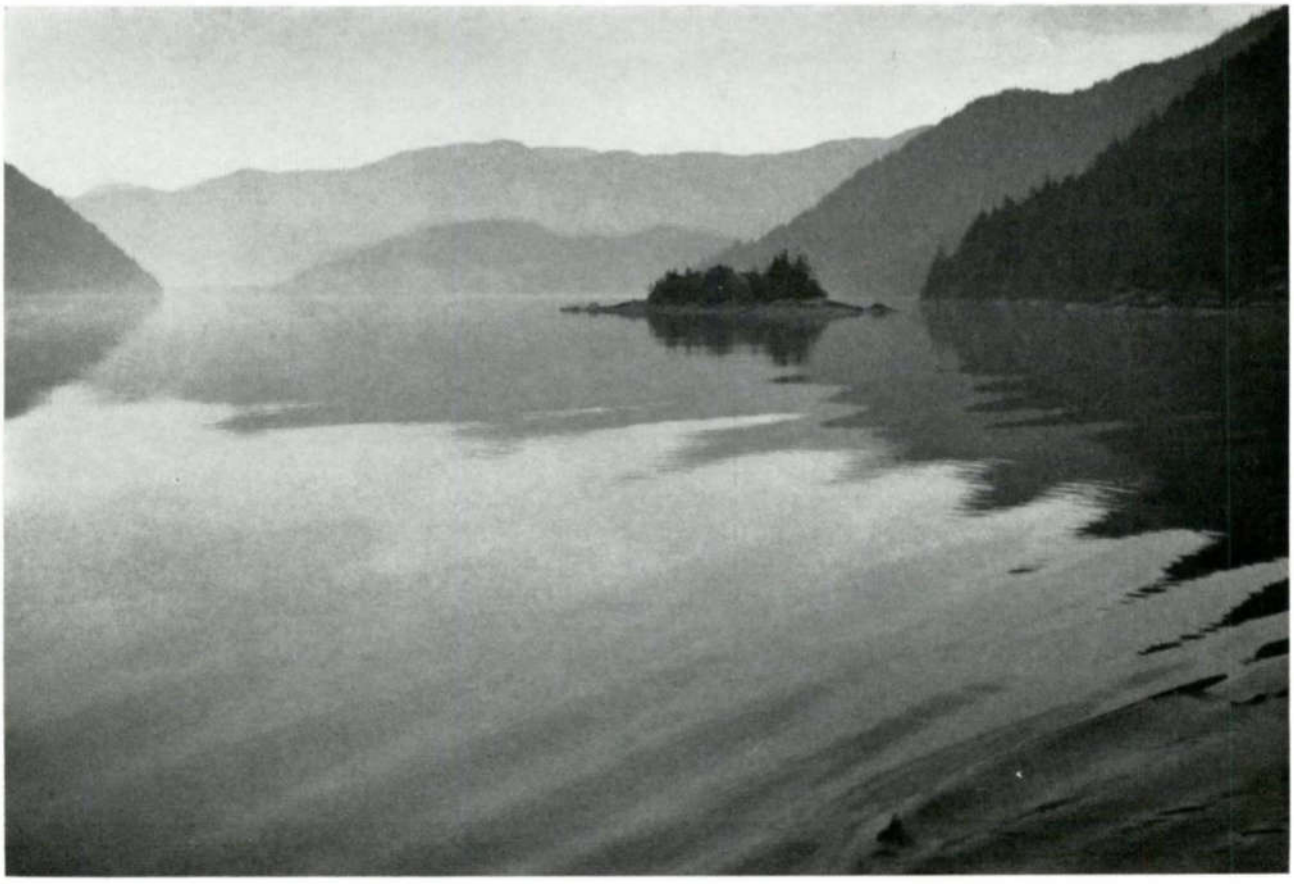
PANGNIRTUNG, 13 AUGUST 1965*

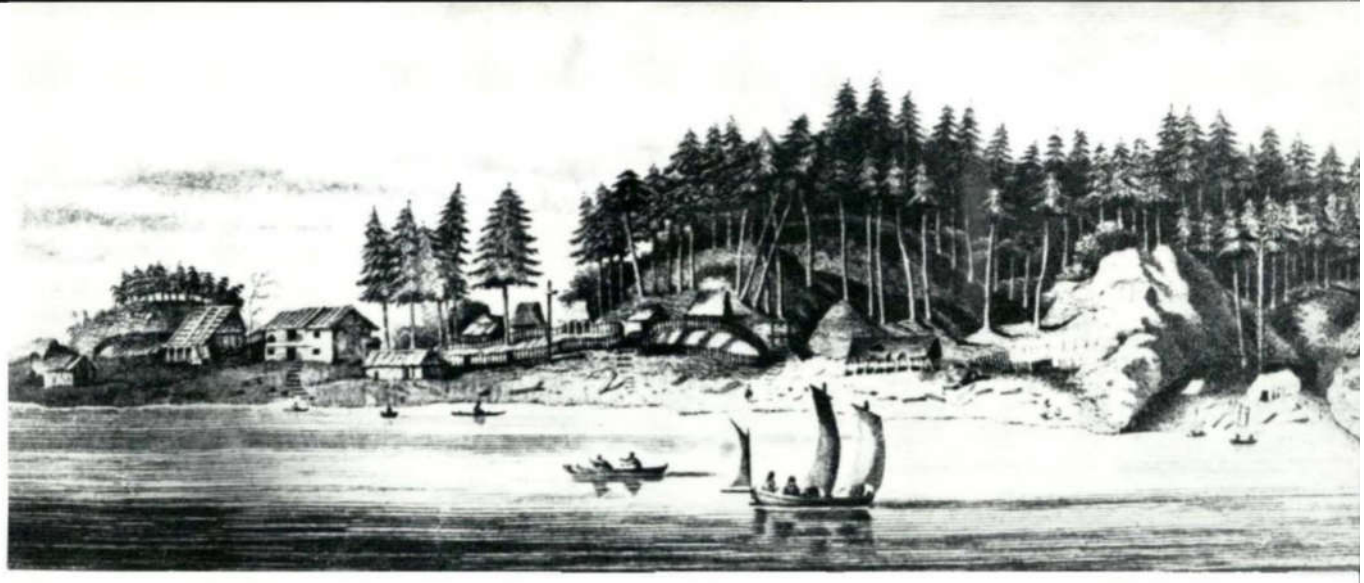


NOOTKA SOUND

past and present

photos and story
BY PEGGY YOUNG





Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound, in the 1790s when Captain Vancouver was there. B.C. ARCHIVES

NOOTKA SOUND, on the West Coast of Vancouver Island, is a place of extraordinary beauty. Narrow arms of the sea penetrate deep into the land, tree-covered mountains plunge down into the water, and on still days the mirror-smooth sea reflects mountain and forest until it is hard to tell where land ends and sea begins. Sometimes the Pacific fog rolls in, thick and impenetrable; often the clouds hang low along the hills and the rain pelts down for days at a time. The winds can be erratic in the Sound, and can blow suddenly and violently from unexpected directions. But in all weathers the Sound is beautiful, and the traveller moving through that labyrinth has the feeling that it might be another world.

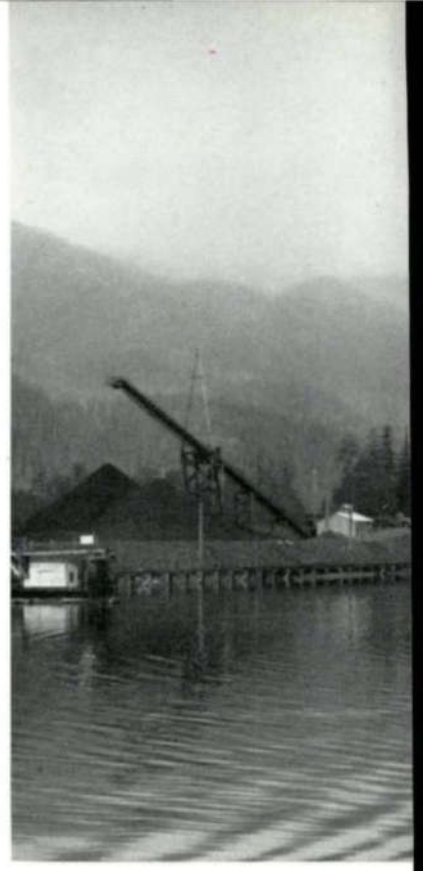
It is nearly two centuries since the white man first saw Nootka Sound. In 1774 a Spanish expedition came up from Mexico to investigate rumours of Russian fur-traders in Northern Pacific waters. The *Santiago*, commanded by Juan Josef Pérez Hernández, sailed as far as the Queen Charlotte Islands, but was turned back by adverse weather. Pérez anchored near the mouth of the Sound to trade with the Indians, but made no landing. The following year a second expedition took place with the *Santiago* under Bruno de Hezeta and the *Sonora* under Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra. These explorers cruised along the coast to Vancouver Island but for the time being showed little interest in it.

In 1776 Captain James Cook left England on his third voyage of discovery. The British Admiralty, hoping that Cook would find the legendary North West Passage, supplied him with two ships, the *Discovery* and the *Resolution*. Cook spent a year in the South Seas en route and finally arrived at Nootka which he called King George's Sound on 29 March 1778. Here he spent a month at Resolution Cove on Bligh Island, caulking his ships, renewing spars and overhauling rigging and sails. The logbook of the *Discovery* notes: "The bulk of our employment was wooding, watering and brewing spruce beer." The Nootka Indians were friendly and offered valuable sea-otter skins in trade. In April Cook sailed north, still searching for the North West Passage, until he was turned back by ice in the Bering Strait. The following year he was killed in Hawaii.

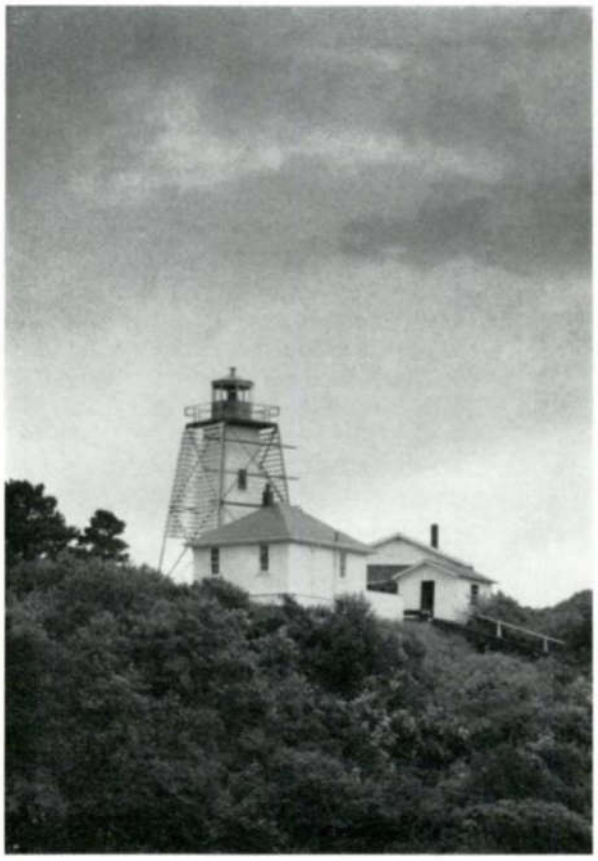
With the publication of Cook's journals in 1784 the world became aware of the valuable furs which could be obtained at Nootka Sound and sold at great profit in China. Russians, British, and Americans competed for the fur trade, ignoring Spain's traditional rights in the Pacific Ocean. (Spain's claims were based on a papal bull of 1493, which divided the known world between Spain and Portugal.)

The first trading vessels to come to Nootka were under the auspices of the East India Company, which had a virtual monopoly of the fur trade. Captain James Hanna in the *Sea Otter* arrived in 1785, to be followed in 1786 by James Stuart Strange with the *Captain Cook* and the *Experiment*. The crews of Strange's ships, weakened by scurvy, recuperated at Friendly Cove, at the entrance to the Sound, and a young surgeon named John Mackay was left there to winter with the Indians and to prepare for the establishment of a trading post. The profits from Strange's voyage, however, turned out to be too small to warrant further expenditure and the plan for a trading post was dropped. Mackay was rescued a year later in a starving condition by Captain Barkley of the *Imperial Eagle*.

Meanwhile other trading companies had been organized, with ships registered under foreign flags in order to evade the restrictions of the East India Company. In May 1788 John Meares, a retired lieutenant of the Royal Navy, arrived at Friendly Cove in the *Felice*. He brought with him European and Chinese workmen, and with their aid erected a dwelling house and a shipyard on a piece of land acquired from Chief Maquinna of the Nootka Indians. Here the schooner *North West America* was



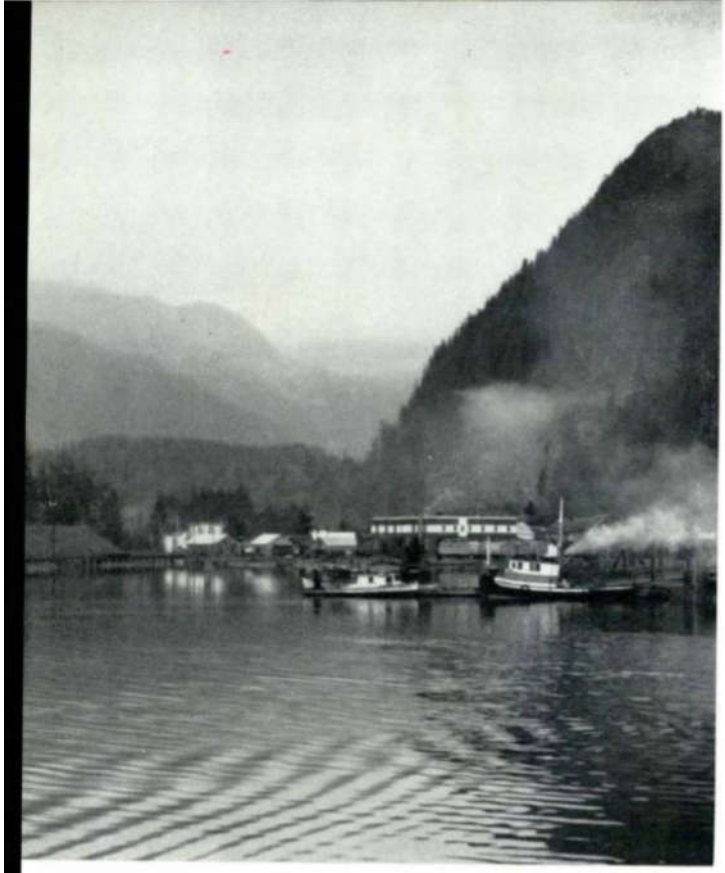
Coastal vessel at Gold River.



Above: A float camp provides comfortable dwellings and may be moved from one logging operation to another.

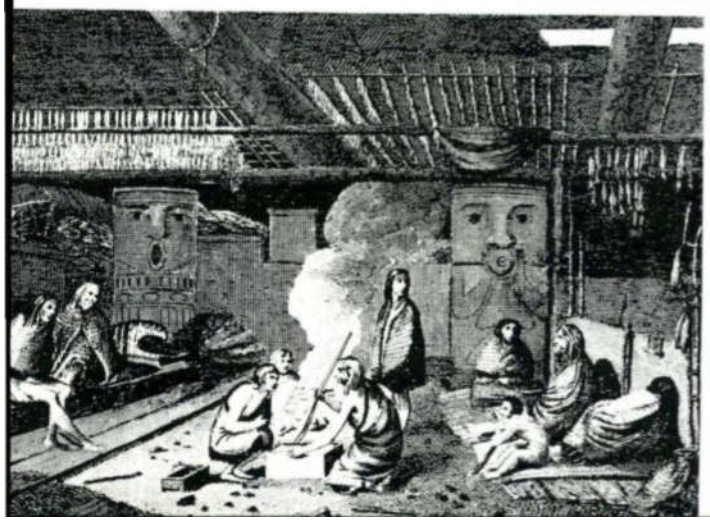
Left: Nootka lighthouse stands on the site of the Spanish fort overlooking Friendly Cove.

Right: Inside an Indian habitation in Nootka Sound in the 1770s.



The harbour at Zeballos.

VANCOUVER CITY ARCHIVES



built and launched. The Sound became a busy place. At the end of the summer Meares' second ship arrived, the *Iphigenia* under Captain Douglas, and two other trading ships, the *Prince of Wales* and the *Princess Royal*. At this time the first American vessels appeared, the *Columbia Redivivo* with Captain John Kendrick, and the *Lady Washington* with Captain Robert Gray; both these ships were from Boston.

Word of all this activity finally reached the Spaniards at San Blas in Mexico. The Viceroy decided to build a military post at Nootka to protect Spanish interests, and for this purpose sent Esteban José Martinez northwards in 1789. Upon his arrival, Martinez seized the *Iphigenia* and later the *North West America*, and with great ceremony took possession of Nootka Sound (called by the Spaniards San Lorenzo) and adjacent territories. At Friendly Cove he built a fort and a gun emplacement with sixteen guns. When Captain James Colnett arrived in the *Argonaut*, claiming authority to take possession of the Sound for England, Martinez seized the *Argonaut* and the *Princess Royal* and sent them to San Blas as prizes. The Spaniards did some exploring along the coast, but did not stay to consolidate their position, and at the end of October they abandoned the fort and sailed back to Mexico.

The following year reports of the seizure reached England and precipitated what was known as the "Spanish Armament Crisis". The Spanish Ambassador complained of invasion of territorial rights; England demanded complete restoration of property and surrender of Spanish claims to sovereignty. During the crisis Spain reoccupied Nootka and rebuilt the fort of San Miguel. The two countries were on the brink of war and England had mobilized the Navy when Spain gave way, and on 28 October 1790 agreement was reached. Reparations were to be made for property destroyed by Spain and Britain was to be allowed rights to within ten miles of Spanish-occupied coasts; the actual boundaries of Spain's occupation were still to be determined. Captain George Vancouver was to be sent to Nootka to establish these boundaries and to carry out the ceremony of taking British possession.

In 1792 Vancouver arrived at Nootka with H.M.S. *Discovery*, sloop of war, and the *Chatham*, an armed tender. He was met by Quadra, now commandant of San Blas, and the two men tried unsuccessfully to come to an agreement. Quadra maintained that Spain had no reparations to make, and promised that Nootka would be the northern limit of Spanish territory. Vancouver insisted that since Meares had occupied buildings and land there, Nootka was British property. Both men decided to refer the matter to their governments. A

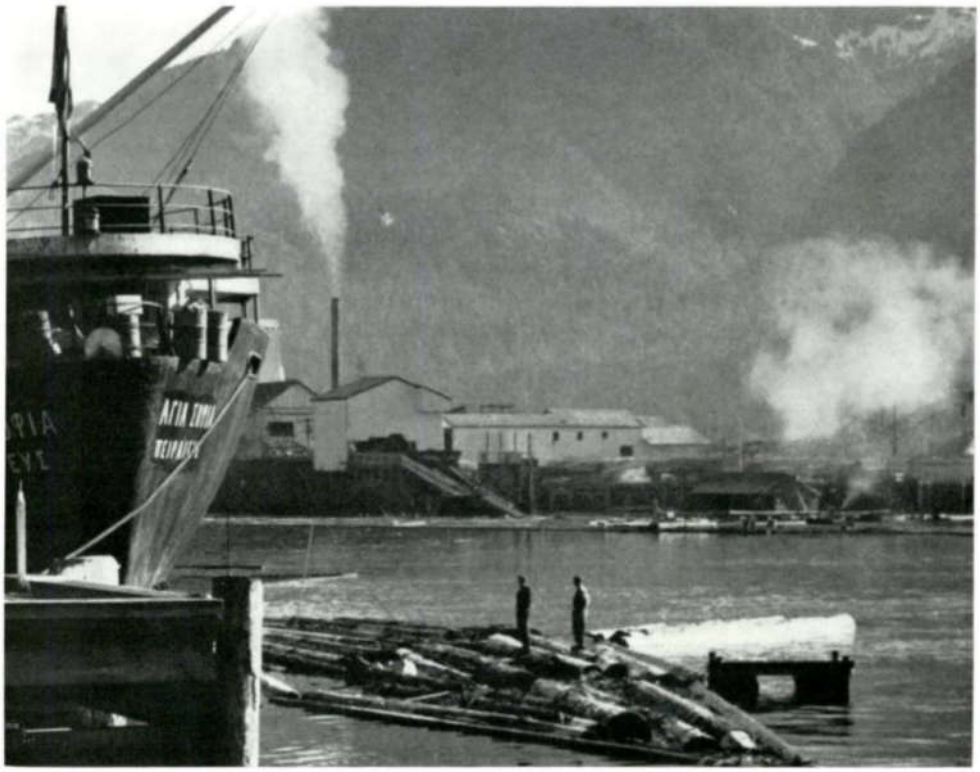
firm friendship had sprung up between them, and together they paid a ceremonial visit to Chief Maquinna at his village of Tahsis, deep in the Sound. In honour of their meeting they gave the name of "Quadra and Vancouver Island" to what is now known as Vancouver Island. In 1795 Nootka Convention was finally ratified. British and Spanish commissioners met at Nootka for the ceremony of raising the British flag, and the Spaniards withdrew for the last time.

From now on British ships were seen less and less in the Sound, as British sailors were withdrawn from merchant ships for naval service in the war with France. In 1803 the crew of the American ship *Boston* was massacred by Maquinna and his Indians, and thereafter the Americans avoided this part of the coast. The fur trade gradually declined, and by about 1825 Nootka Sound had reverted to its former quiet state. Only the Indians remained to carry on their traditional pursuits of hunting and fishing.

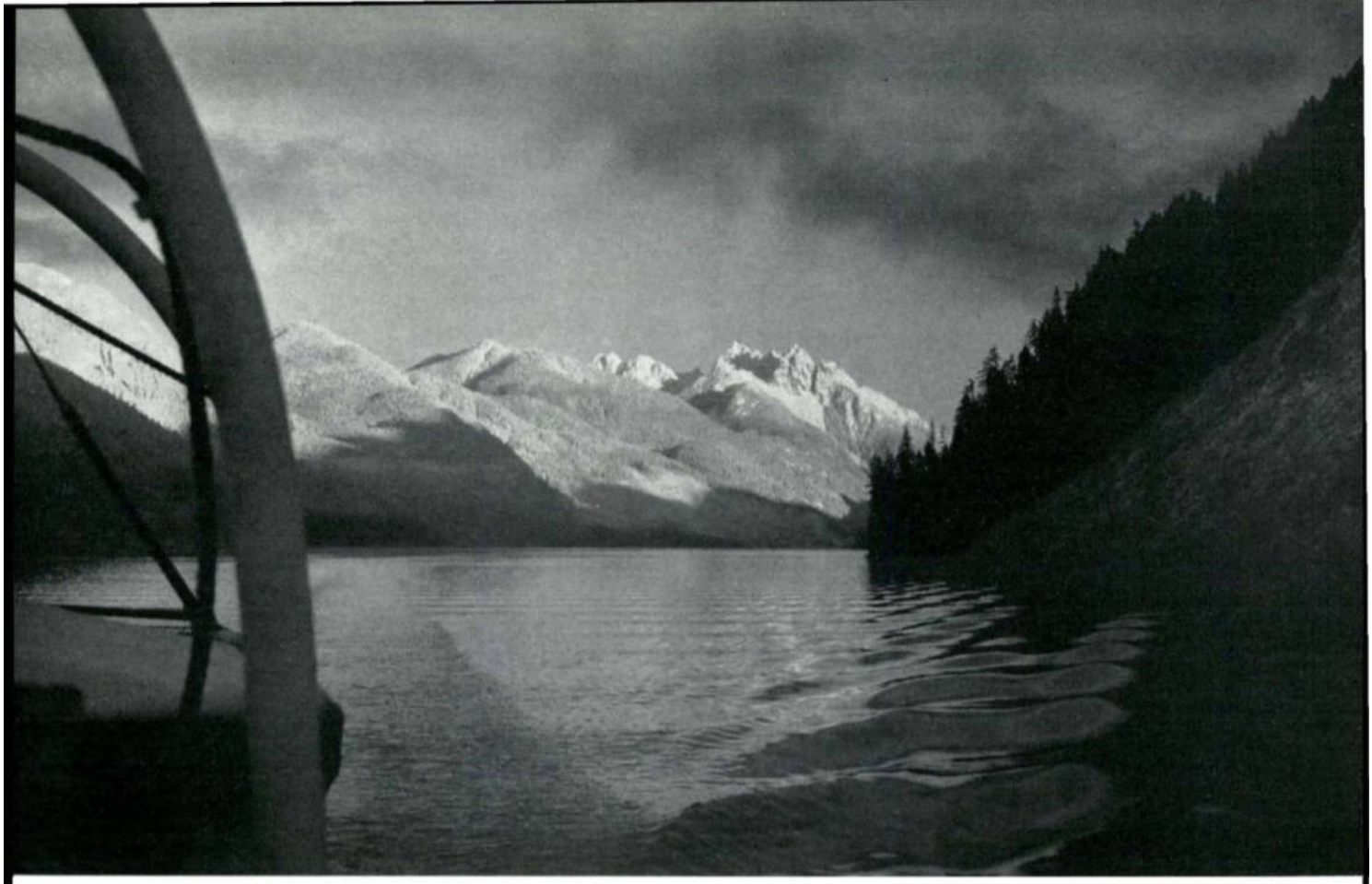
The traveller today finds on every side reminders of the early days of exploration, as English and Spanish names on the charts bring history to life. Bligh Island, in the mouth of the Sound, is named after the master of the *Resolution*, the same William Bligh who later was captain of the *Bounty*. Gore Island is called after John Gore, first lieutenant in the *Resolution*; Hanna Channel commemorates James Hanna, master of the *Sea Otter*; and Mackay Passage is named for John Mackay, the young surgeon who spent a year with the Indians at Friendly Cove. Kendrick Arm recalls John Kendrick, master of the *Columbia Rediviva*, and Strange Island is named for James Strange of the East India Company. Some of the ships have left their names: Discovery Point, Argonaut Point, Resolution Cove, Princess Royal Point, Boston Point, Princesa Channel (named after a frigate sailing with Quadra).

Even more prevalent than English names are those of the Spanish explorers. Many of the islands in Nootka Sound, some of them only a few square yards of rock, bear names given them by the Spaniards: Pantoja Island, Carrasco, Narvaez, Verdia, Villaneuve, San Rafael, San Miguel; these and many others. Espinoza Arm, Heceta Channel, Eliza Passage, Bodega Island, Ferrer Point, are all called after explorers of the period; Catala Island commemorates a Franciscan monk who served at Nootka; Santiago Creek is named for Perez's ship. The Spaniards have gone, but the names remain.

At the opening of the twentieth century there were a few white men here and there in the area. A little logging was carried on, a little fishing, a little prospecting for minerals. Suddenly, in 1925, vast schools of pilchards arrived. Canneries and reduction plants sprang up everywhere, and for nearly twenty years the industry prospered. In the early forties the fish decreased in number,



A Greek freighter loading lumber at Tahsis mill.



Winter sunrise in Tahsis Inlet.

and by 1946 they had vanished completely; the mystery of their disappearance is still unsolved.

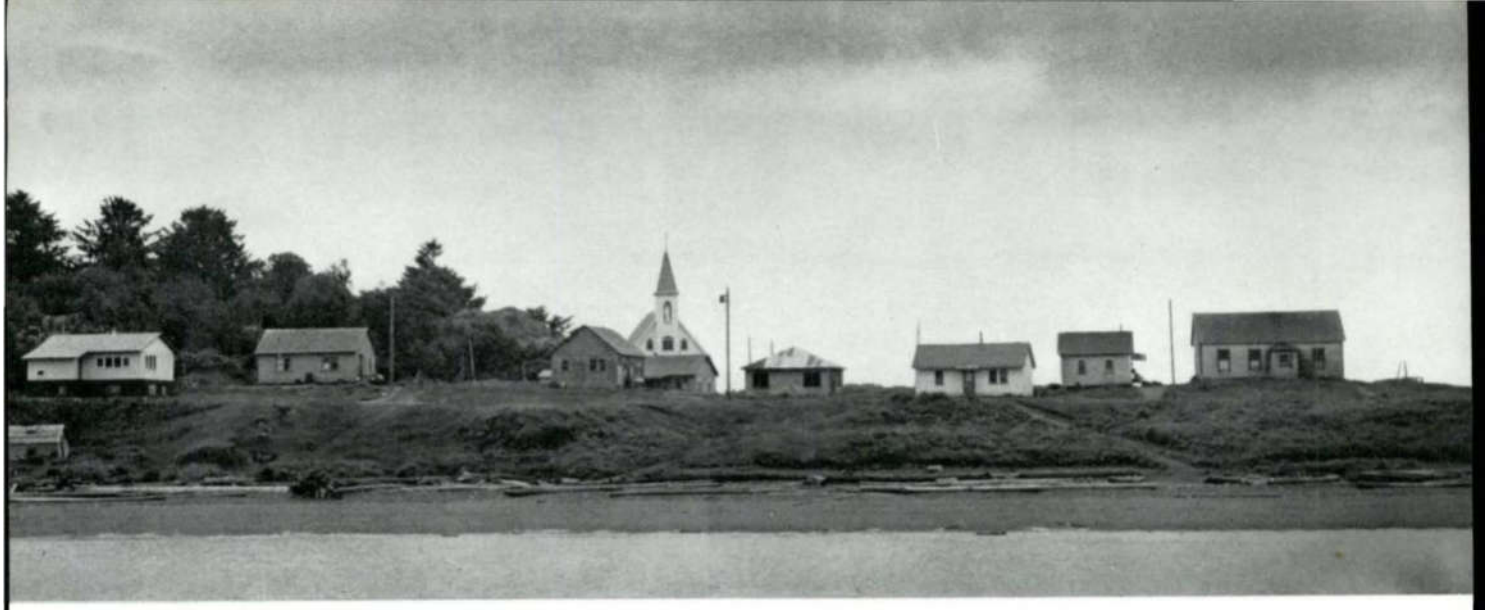
At the beginning of the thirties gold was discovered at the head of Zeballos Arm. A minor gold rush ensued, and by 1936 over three thousand claims had been staked. In 1938 six mines were working, each with its own mill; the largest of these, the Privateer Mine, produced gold and silver to the value of six and a half million dollars. The settlement at Zeballos grew to a town of a thousand inhabitants, with stores, schools, hotels and a Red Cross hospital. Ten years later the boom was over; with the price of gold set at thirty-five dollars an ounce, it was no longer profitable for the mines to operate. Zeballos shrank to a small village, and for some years the only activity in the vicinity was a small amount of logging.

Then iron entered the picture. In 1962 International Iron Mines Ltd. began operating a mine two thousand feet above the floor of the Zeballos Valley, but within a year they were forced by lack of profit to close down. In 1964 Falconbridge Nickel Mines took over and reopened the mine under the operation of Zeballos Iron Mines Ltd. The ore is extracted from underground openings, and current production is about twelve hundred tons a day of iron concentrates; these are carried by Japanese ships to the steel mills of Japan.

At Tahsis, where once Chief Maquinna's village stood, there is now a town of some fifteen hundred people, and a sawmill run by the Tahsis Company, a subsidiary of the Danish East Asiatic Company. Apart from the company's own logging operations, the mill provides a market for the small logging camps which are to be found here and there in the inlets of the Sound. Almost every day there are one or two deep-sea ships at the docks, loading lumber for ports all over the world.

The Tahsis Company operates a big logging camp at Gold River, at the head of Muchalat Inlet, and has plans under way for a pulp mill to be built there. A new municipality will be built at the junction of the Gold and the Heber rivers, nine miles inland, and it is expected that the population of the new town will have reached twenty-five hundred by the time the pulp mill is in production. It is estimated that there will be possibly four hundred men employed in the mill, another two hundred in logging operations, and two hundred more in miscellaneous services. Construction of the mill was begun in 1965.

A shipping service works out of Gold River, connecting there with a road to the east side of Vancouver Island. Five days a week, freight, passengers and mail are carried up and down the Sound, to the village of Zeballos, to the



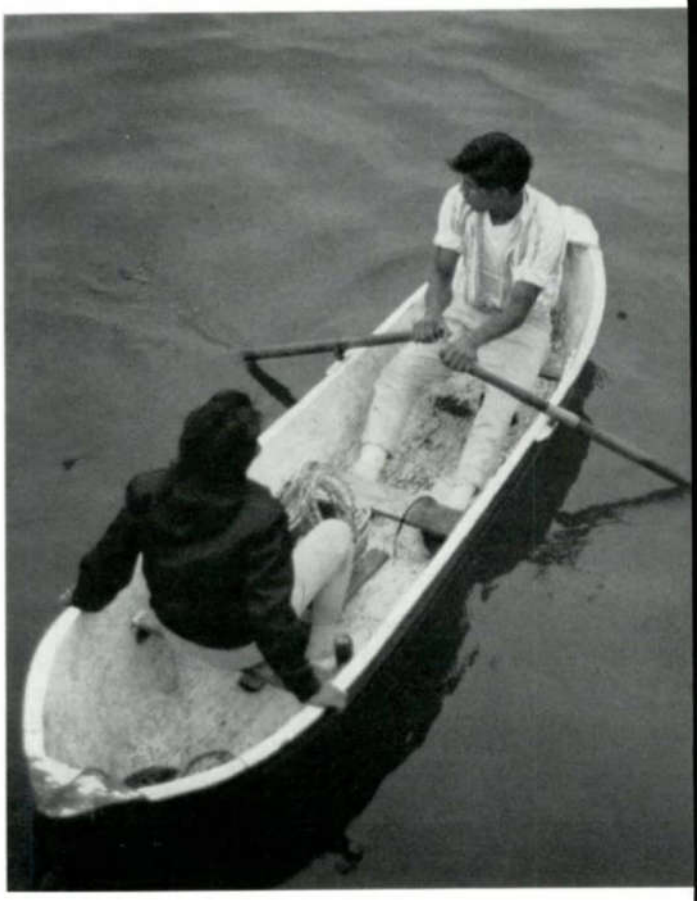
The Nootka village of Friendly Cove as it is today.

Nootka Mission Hospital at Esperanza, to Tahsis, to settlements and logging camps along the route. During the summer months the same ships make a short run three times a week to Friendly Cove, for the benefit of tourists. There is also a scheduled plane service between Vancouver and Tahsis, Zeballos, and Gold River.

At the present time there are approximately twenty-five hundred people living in the Nootka Sound area; when the Gold River pulp mill is built there will be many hundreds more. But the Sound remains the same, and civilization affects only a part of the whole. When the traveller leaves a settlement behind and rounds a point, there before him is the same scene which has existed unchanged for centuries. The Indians in their canoes saw it first, then the early explorers saw it from their little ships, and now modern man sees it from his modern vessel or his plane. Here and there on the shore is an abandoned building, half obliterated by the vegetation. On the hillsides are scars left by the loggers, but the forest grows quickly and will cover them; these are only temporary changes. The mountains still stand as they have always done, towering over the narrow channels. The whale still spouts at the mouth of the Sound, the little black bear still stands on the foreshore, and the eagle still wheels overhead. Like a vivid dream the scene returns to the mind long after the traveller has gone his way, and years later he will find that he is still haunted by the beauty of Nootka Sound. ◆

Traditionally the Nootka women made hats and baskets in a twined weave of cedar bark or roots and swamp grass. Still made for sales are baskets, boxes, and basketry-covered bottles.

A selection is brought out by Nootka Indians in a dugout at Friendly Cove to sell to tourists on a ship.



Chikapash Acquires Wives

A Cree story told by Thomas Rupert and recorded at Fort George on James Bay by George W. Bauer.

WHILE HUNTING SQUIRRELS deep in the forest one day, near a stream of quick water, Chikapash heard a noise that sounded like someone scraping beaver skins. He hurried to his sister and told her what he had heard.

His sister said: "Don't go near this spot again. Should these people catch you, their mother will kill you. That is certain."

"Don't say that," Chikapash said, "because you frighten me."

The boy's chiding pretense was convincing. Reassured, his sister continued her work about the wigwam. Faced with a new challenge, Chikapash schemed. At length, he asked his sister for fat that had been rendered from the stuff of an animal's windpipe. Curious, his sister asked: "And just what do you intend to do with the fat?"

Chikapash did not answer. Taking the fat, he set out to fulfil his latest scheme. He walked through the fragrant spruce forest, distending his nostrils, testing the air with deep pleasure. Occasionally, he tested his eye, shooting with sure arrows at squirrels he happened upon.

Chikapash went directly to the encampment of people near the stream of quick water without apparent design. A number of women squatted in the sun, scraping beaver skins as he approached. He walked up to two young girls and sat down. As he talked to them he heard a stirring within the wigwam.

"My daughters," the voice of an old woman said, "You are talking and laughing with a man."

"No," one of the girls said. "We are throwing stones at a whiskey jack." (The whiskey jack is a Canada jay.)

Chikapash broached his subject quickly, not wishing to waste more time. "Come live with me," he said. "I live alone with my sister. There is none other, and I am in need of companionship."

"No," they replied, eyes downcast. "We cannot live with you. Many men have wished to take us to live with them but not one has succeeded because as soon as a man approaches us, our mother kills him. If you're not careful, you'll meet a similar fate."

Chikapash met their words with directness. "How would you like me to kill your mother?" he asked. "You would then be free to do as you choose."

"We would like that very much," the girls said. "We are tired of the way she treats us."

"All right then," Chikapash said, "I will tell you what I plan to do because I think your mother is going to boil me. Once the water starts to boil, I will squeeze fat from this container I have, leading her to believe I'm thoroughly cooked. When you see the fat tell her she has killed still another suitor. That will make her happy."

As Chikapash finished telling the girls of his plan, the old woman came out of the lodge. Seeing the boy with her two daughters, she ducked quickly inside.

"Now, you see," said the girls, "she will try to kill you for sure."

The old woman came out of the wigwam again, carrying a large pot. She built a large fire and poured water into the pot, setting it to boil. She then walked up to Chikapash and hit him in the belly, trying to break him in half so that she could the more easily stuff him into the pot.

"Hey!" he called, "Don't do that, or you won't get any fat from me."

The old woman did as the boy told her: she stuffed him into the pot whole.

As the water began to roll in a boil, Chikapash became very hot, and every now and then, he squeezed some fat from the skin container to fool the old woman.

The girls continued to watch the boiling pot, and finally said to their mother: "The boy is cooked. Do you see the fat? Take the pot from the fire and be happy. You have won again."

As the old woman neared the fire, Chikapash jumped from the pot, dumping the boiling water upon her head. The old woman sputtered, turned red and died.

Chikapash rolled himself in the snow to cool off.

"Your mother very nearly cooked me to death," he said, "but I have killed her and so you are now free to come home with me." The two girls promptly gathered some of their belongings from their mother's wigwam and returned with Chikapash to his sister.

In the days that followed, both Chikapash and his sister were happy with their new companions. The girls were both pleasant and useful to have around. •

Bloodshed at Seven Oaks

BY JOE MARTIN

THIS YEAR marks the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Seven Oaks. On 19 June, 1816, twenty-two men were killed in a short-pitched conflict on a site in present-day metropolitan Winnipeg. Like all acts of violence, the battle resulted from a combination of long-range basic disagreements with immediate irritating factors.

The latter years of the eighteenth century and early part of the nineteenth century were marked by competition for the furs of Canada's hinterland. The main competition to the Hudson's Bay Company was provided by the North West Company operating out of Montreal. The latter was a loose union of partnerships which had come together in 1776 because the individual partners recognized the benefits of a large organization. In 1804 the North West Company united with the XY Company, their main Montreal opposition. The union of the two companies allowed them to pit their entire resources against the Hudson's Bay Company.

The first goal of the Nor'Westers was to establish an economic transcontinental trading system. This they did with much success, aided by a variety of factors. The marketing of furs in London was improving. Tobacco from Brazil and rum from the West Indies were available to them as trade items. In the interior, costs were reduced by the establishment of supply bases.

The pressure of the North West Company upon the Hudson's Bay Company had its effect. Dividends dropped from eight per cent in the latter part of the eighteenth century to four per cent in the first eight years of the nineteenth century. Between 1809 and 1814, no dividends were paid. This forced the H B C to re-examine their organizational structure. A number of alternatives were examined. The one which proved acceptable was advanced by Andrew Wedderburn, a brother-in-law of Lord Selkirk. Under his proposal, there was to be better supervision of trade and the servants of the Company were to be given a more definite interest in increasing returns. In addition, there was a plan of colonization of the Red River area.

In 1811 the Hudson's Bay Company granted 116,000 square miles of territory to Thomas Douglas, fifth Earl of Selkirk. The land grant, known as Assiniboia, included part of present-day Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Minnesota and North Dakota.

Prior to the land grant, the Hudson's Bay Company had opposed settlement but there were two reasons for the changed attitude in 1811. First, if settlement was successful, it would result in a cheap source of food supply. Secondly, it would make good the Company's claim to the property which was endangered by the Nor'Westers' claims.

The Nor'Westers saw the land grant as a diabolical plot to destroy their trade and their company. The nomadic professions such as fur-trading have always opposed the advent of settlement, therefore it is not surprising that the Nor'Westers looked upon the plan with distrust. The real importance of the decision to colonize lay in the fact that it added to the conflict between two rival trading companies the further conflict between settler and trader.

In July 1811 the first party of immigrants, consisting of Scottish, Irish and Orkney labourers, left from Stornoway under Governor Miles Macdonell. Their old ship,

Governor Miles Macdonell. MANITOBA ARCHIVES

Mr Martin is honorary secretary of the Manitoba Historical Society and a director of the Manitoba Record Society.

Looking up the Red River from the confluence of the Seine, with Point Douglas on the right and the Fort in the distance, from a water-colour by Rindisbacher drawn in 1822.
PUBLIC ARCHIVES

the *Edward and Ann* took over sixty days to make the crossing. As a result, the passengers had to be accommodated in a camp some twenty miles from York Factory for the winter. This caused much hardship and did not endear the settlers to the fur traders.

In the summer of 1812 the advance party, under Governor Macdonell set out for Red River. On August 30th they arrived at the Forks (the junction of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers) and on September 4th Macdonell took formal possession of the area by publicly reading the terms of the grant from the Hudson's Bay Company to the Earl of Selkirk. In October, more Irish and Hebridean settlers arrived. All journeyed south to Pembina for the winter where, near the rival companies' posts, Fort Daer was established for the colonists.

At this time relations between the settlers under Governor Miles Macdonell and the North West Company represented by Alexander Macdonell were good. During the first winter, Alexander Macdonell at Pembina provided the colony with supplies which they desperately needed. He also supplied his cousin, Miles, with a horse and a man to help him. In fact, that winter, Miles stayed at the North West Company post. Good relations were also established with the freemen (French-Canadians detached from any fur company), and the Métis or bois-brûlés, and at all times they were on friendly terms with the Saulteaux Indians.

In May of 1813, the seeding began, first at Fort Daer, then at the Forks where Macdonell had selected the site for Fort Douglas. Lots were laid out along the river in strips, similar to the pattern in Lower Canada. There were two disappointments that year, however. The third party of immigrants did not arrive and the crops failed. Most of the colonists again wintered at Fort Daer.

On 8 January 1814, in anticipation of the arrival of the third party of settlers, Governor Macdonell placed an embargo on the export of pemmican from Assiniboia for a year. This was done not only out of concern for the settlers but also with the realization that it would put less strain on the other Hudson's Bay Company posts where the settlers were not particularly favoured. Certain traders were allowed enough pemmican to reach their destinations but the pemmican needed to take the North West brigades to Fort William was seized. If sufficient time had been granted, the Nor'Westers could have obtained their pemmican on the Upper Qu'Appelle and the Saskatchewan. Although much can be said in favour of the embargo as a measure to protect the settlers, the decision to impose it at this time lacked wisdom in that it precipitated a struggle with the North West Company, which the settlement could ill afford. And besides their trouble on the Red River, the Nor'Westers' supply system in the east had been partially disrupted by the American capture of Detroit in 1813.

In June 1814 the third party of settlers, from Kildonan, finally arrived at Red River after wintering at Churchill. They were followed in the fall by a smaller party. This increased the number of farmers and seemed to bode well for the success of the colony. Governor Macdonell realized that even if the crops yielded a good harvest, pemmican and fish would be necessary in large amounts once again. To this end, in July he issued a proclamation against the hunting of buffalo on horseback near the settlement, to prevent the buffalo being driven away. Only the free-

men and the Métis objected, considering this an unwarranted interference with their way of life. The Nor'-Westers were later to use this issue to exploit the native discontent against the colony.

With all these factors taken into consideration the Nor'Westers resolved in the Council of 1815 to stamp the colony out of existence.

Meanwhile, as a result of Selkirk's statement of the dangers at Red River, based on the accounts he had received from overseas, the Company's committee appealed to the Colonial Secretary in 1814 and '15 for the protection of a small military force; but protection was not provided, and trouble came.

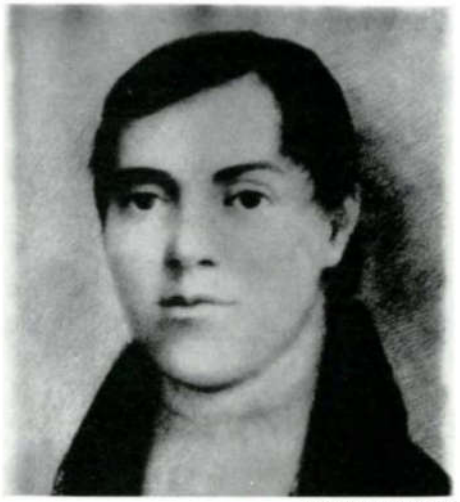
Duncan Cameron, a veteran Nor'Wester, had taken over control of the North West Company's operations from Alexander Macdonell. Cameron worked on the settlers and pointed out the hardships they had endured. He promised them transportation to Upper Canada and aid in getting settled once they arrived there. He did his work well and about 140 of them left for the east in North West Company canoes in June 1815. With them was Governor Miles Macdonell who had been arrested on a trumped up charge of stealing pemmican. The warrant had been issued by a North West agent who held appointment as magistrate under the Canada Jurisdiction Act. Macdonell surrendered on condition that the colony should be safe, but the settlers continued to be harassed and plundered.

Throughout the struggle between the Nor'Westers and settlers, the Saulteaux Indians, under Chief Peguis, remained friends of the colonists. At this critical juncture, however, the Indians recognized the dangers and urged them to leave. All the settlers, except John McLeod and two or three other men, took to their boats and headed for Lake Winnipeg. After they departed, the buildings were burnt . . . the settlement was at an end.

A rather remarkable and incriminating account of this whole affair is found in a letter from Charles McKenzie, a North West Company clerk, to another Nor'Wester, John Siveright. McKenzie had just heard that the colonists had left the country or rather were "compelled to leave it by a band of lawless half-breeds whom the North West Company have gathered for that purpose." He had also learnt, much to his enjoyment, that the half-breeds had been very savage, sniping at the settlers for three nights in a row. Before passing on to other matters, he informed Siveright that he was "very happy to see that the N.W. have so far accomplished their ends. . . ."

The triumph of the North West Company was not complete however. Lord Selkirk had been receiving advice as to reorganization from a former Nor'Wester, Colin Robertson, who left that company in 1809 and had gone over to the Hudson's Bay. He urged that fire be fought with fire. In the spring of 1815 he left Montreal with a large H B C brigade that was to carry the trade war into the enemy's Athabasca territory. When he arrived at Red River all that remained of the colony was the blacksmith's shop, inhabited by McLeod.

Robertson went north to the encampment of the remaining settlers on Lake Winnipeg and, having despatched the Athabasca brigade, brought them back to the Forks. They immediately set to work gathering the harvest and rebuilding the settlement and Fort Douglas. In October Robertson seized Duncan Cameron and with



MANITOBA ARCHIVES

Cuthbert Grant, leader of the Metis.

him as hostage gained entrance to the North West Company's Fort Gibraltar. After which demonstration, on assurance of good behaviour, both Cameron and the fort were released.

By November 4th Governor Robert Semple and eighty-four more settlers had arrived. Semple, who had responsibility for both colony and Hudson's Bay affairs, was something of a philosopher and *littérateur*. Selkirk could have had little opportunity to judge his fitness to rule in the lawless North West and his weaknesses, uneven judgment and over-confidence were to prove fatal. He took control at a critical period for which the expulsion of the colony proved to be but a prelude.

All that fall and winter, in a growing volume, rumours floated down the Assiniboine that the Métis were gathering in the north with the intention of destroying the

settlement in the spring. With the Hudson's Bay Company's push into the Athabasca territory, the colony's importance had increased. At Fort Daer, Pritchard wrote of the growing alarm among hunters and freemen at the anticipated reprisals. Bostonnais Pangman, who had headed the half-breeds when they burnt the houses the preceding spring and who now was in charge of the North West post at Pembina, was becoming obstreperous.

Robertson was growing alarmed and on March 19th he marched into Fort Gibraltar and again arrested Cameron. A half-finished letter to James Grant was found on Cameron's desk which contained the incriminating phrase, "I wish that some of your *Pilleurs* who are fond of mischief and plunder would come and pay a hostile visit to these sons of Gunpowder and riot, they might make a very good booty if they went cunningly to work." This letter led Robertson to seize the North West Company express. From their mail, he received further evidence that they planned to destroy the settlement in the spring.

Affairs in Assiniboia were bordering on a state of war. On May 12th, some Nor'Westers, under Alexander Macdonell, seized a Hudson's Bay Company brigade and took all the pemmican. Then, on June 1st, Macdonell and his followers arrived at Brandon House and raided the Hudson's Bay Company establishment. They broke open doors and cut out the windows, plundering and looting the post of "everything it contained amounting to a considerable quantity of trading goods and various other articles."

At this crucial time differences between Semple and Robertson led the latter to leave the colony he had done so much to re-establish. His parting advice to the Governor was to demolish Fort Gibraltar, advice Semple acted upon.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES

Governor Robert Semple.

When, on the 16th, Macdonell's party arrived at Portage, some forty-five miles west of the Forks, he was disappointed to learn that no word had been received of the "arrival from the northward of any of the Partners of the North West Company at the entrance of the River Winnipeg." With the Hudson's Bay Company in control of the Forks, Macdonell was growing more alarmed about the general situation. According to his own records, one of the most important problems was the need for sending provisions "to prevent the canoes in Lake Winnipeg from being starved." To this end, he ordered Cuthbert Grant, who had been appointed by the

The Red River Settlement in 1817, from a sketch believed to be by Lord Selkirk.

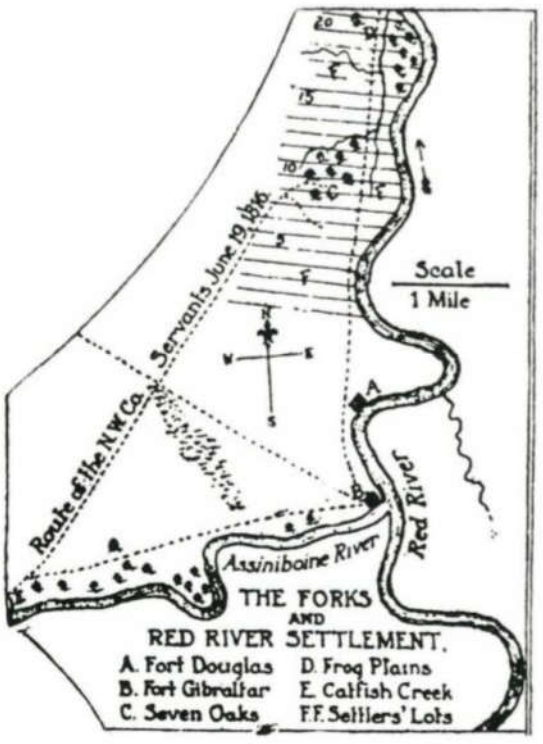
PUBLIC ARCHIVES

Nor'Westers "Captain General of all the half-breeds," with Antoine Houle and Michel Bourassa to take provisions to them by canoe and cart.

On June 18th Grant and about sixty men and boys set off down the Assiniboine. They arrived at Catfish Creek (now Omand's, about 3 miles from the Forks) during the late afternoon of the 19th. There they hid the canoe and transferred the pemmican it had carried to the two carts that had come overland with the men on horseback. After holding a council, they set off across the prairies in a northeasterly direction in two groups.

Grant with his advance party was spotted by the lookout at Fort Douglas and Governor Semple and some others climbed to the loft to examine the situation with a spyglass which revealed a body of armed men on horseback riding towards the river lots. The Métis party on their way past the settlement captured three settlers who were working their fields, to prevent them from warning the Fort. Already warned, however, Semple called out, "We must go out and meet these people. Let twenty men follow." To the suggestion that they take the three-pounder with them, Semple replied that he was only going to speak to them so it would not be necessary. Moving down the settlement road Semple and about twenty-eight men encountered some settlers fleeing to the Fort.

The main party of Métis, not far behind Grant, saw Semple's men advancing, and gave him warning that the English were in pursuit. Sending the pemmican carts on to Frog Plain, Grant rallied his main party by Seven Oaks.



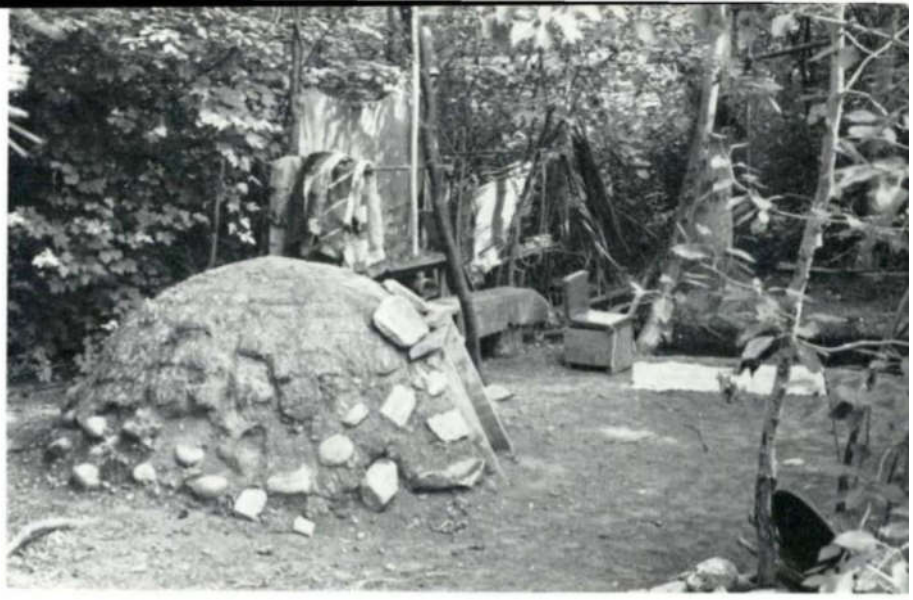
About three-quarters of a mile from the Fort, Semple and his followers saw the Métis on horseback behind a clump of woods. As they drew nearer, they discovered there were more of their antagonists than they had at first realized. Semple called a halt and sent John Bourke, the storekeeper, back for the field-piece then, impatient, ordered his party to advance. As the two groups moved closer the Métis wheeled about, advancing in a half-moon formation. Semple's men moved into an extended line and retreated a short distance. One François Boucher, a North West Company servant, rode out from Grant's party waving his hand and shouting "What do you want?" to which Semple returned, "What do *you* want?" Boucher answered, "We want our fort." The Governor responded, "Go to your fort." Boucher retorted, "Why did you destroy our fort, you damned rascal!" The Governor, angered at what he probably deemed insolence from a native, grasped the bridle of Boucher's horse and Boucher slid from the saddle. A general discharge of arms followed. Lieutenant Holte and Semple both fell. Semple's men, showing their lack of training, grouped around their leader like cattle for a slaughter. Another volley almost completed their destruction. No mercy was shown to the wounded.

The skirmish lasted about fifteen minutes. It was a fight to the finish and only seven of the colony party escaped with their lives. The half-breeds were a superior fighting force, their whole way of life based on a pattern of hunting and shooting to kill. Moreover they were mounted, and pitted against men inexperienced in violent ways who were outnumbered about two to one. There were only two native casualties (one wounded and one killed) against twenty-one colony dead and one wounded (John Bourke who was fetching the cannon with an ox). Not many names have come to light but among those killed, besides the Governor, were Mr Wilkinson, his secretary, Captain Rogers, Lieutenant Holte, James White, the surgeon, and Alexander McLean, a settler. Again the colonists were dispossessed and Cuthbert Grant, soon followed by Alexander Macdonell, occupied Fort Douglas.

Such was the massacre of Seven Oaks. There were elements of premeditation and of spontaneity. There were long-range causes and immediate factors. Given the rivalry between the two fur-trading companies and the rivalry between fur trader and settler, a conflict of sorts was inevitable. That the battle might have been avoided if Robertson had not left in June, if Semple had not been the man he was, is a matter of speculation. ◆

photostory

BY ERIC D. SISMEY



QUIL'-STEN OKANAGAN STEAM BATH

SHINY WHITE BATHROOMS in new houses on the Penticton Indian Reserve do not take the place of the traditional *quil'-sten* or sweat lodge in the minds of middle-aged Okanagan Indians.

Soon after Shingle Creek emerges from a cleft in the mountains it becomes a well behaved little stream coursing silently past three quil'-stens hidden in a thicket of wild roses, pines and poplars.

The first belongs to Ska'ten, the next to his mother and the third, well, his name does not matter. Each is an individual bath-house just large enough for one. And each, with the careful attention which Indians give to location, is in an ideal spot; there is privacy, sunshine, shade and the cold, clear creek nearby.

It is difficult to say to what extent quil'-sten is currently used for unless you know the owner, and unless he has complete confidence that your interest is genuine and not frivolous, you will see nothing, learn nothing, and your questions will be answered only with a stare or a shake of the head.

Quil'-sten is much more than a steam bath; it has ritualistic significance. A bath is taken not only to cleanse, but the sweat-house is also a place to meditate, to contemplate and to seek *shoo-mesh* (spiritual strength or medicine). In the old days it had a function in curing sickness. It is a retreat for both temporal and spiritual purification and is one of the venerated Okanagan institutions.

Construction and use of the sweat-house are governed by strict rules, said to have originated with Coyote (Sin-ka-lip) the great law giver and to break any of the rules is to invite misfortune, if not disaster. Only after a period of continence may the builder of a new quil'-sten begin his work. The structures are dome-shaped, circular at the base, from five to eight feet in diameter. Willow shoots, saskatoon, or other pliable stems are planted round the circumference, bent and tied together at the top with strips of bark. And there must never be less than eight ribs. This frame is covered with any suitable material, quite often finished with a topping of sod. Fir bough whisks, if obtainable, are regarded as strong medicine which give the bather strength.

As with other Interior Salish people, the Okanagan quil'-sten faces east. This is traditional and is associated with the birth of another day, a gift from the great spirit Amot'gen. The most auspicious time to take a steam bath, and the time the bather is most likely to gain shoo'-mesh, is at dawn.

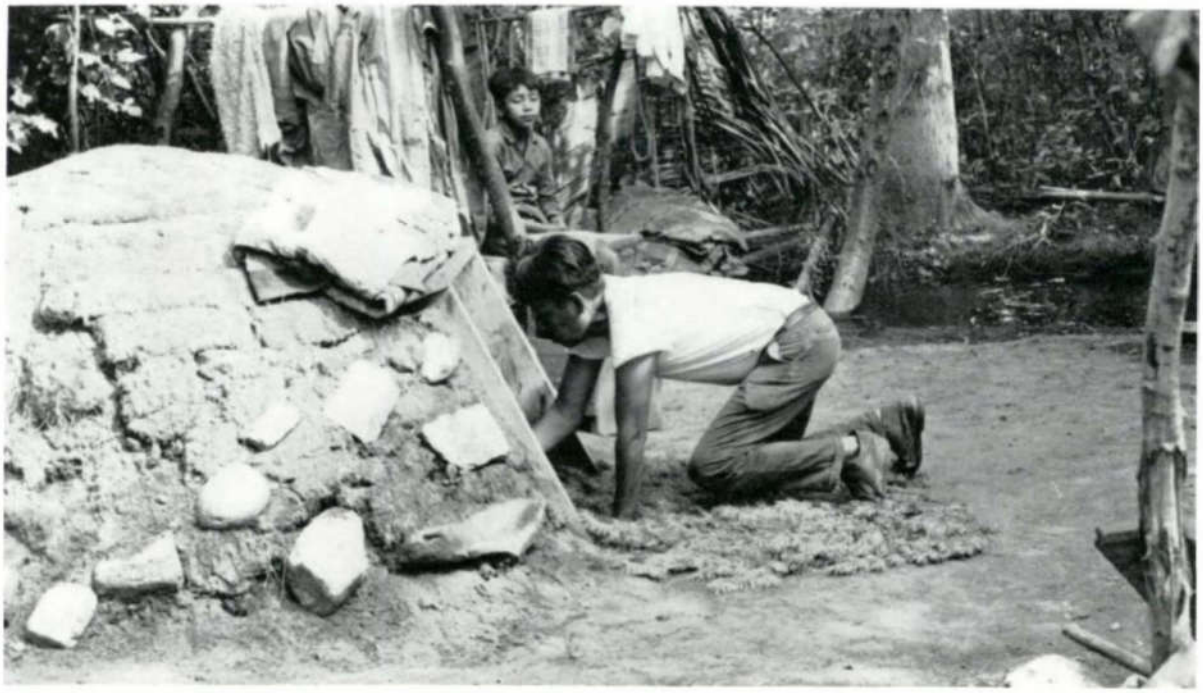
Inside, a small pit serves as a receptacle for stones heated in a special fireplace outside. The fist-sized stones (*skim-a-thee-sten*), smooth and unchipped, must be dry land stones, never river rocks which would crack and explode. After the hot stones are forked inside and sprinkled with water the bather enters and closes the entrance. He then sprinkles the stones freely with water, filling the lodge with dense clouds of steam. After from ten to twenty minutes—sometimes as much as half an hour—the bather crawls outside where he dips in the creek, douses himself with water from a pail or, in winter, sometimes rolls in the snow.

Quil'-sten stones are always saved and piled outside, where they are undisturbed and respected. No Indian would think of stepping on them, defiling or disturbing them in any way.

Old time warriors and hunters always prepared themselves by quil'-sten before beginning an expedition. And my friend Ska'ten (I will not write his whiteman name) takes quil'-sten before beginning a new undertaking, when he wishes to meditate on the nature of things, or when he seeks to acquire shoo-mesh.

Quil'-sten or sweat lodge belonging to Ska'ten in a grove of trees by Shingle Creek. What appears to be a pole on the sod roof is a rake dangling from a tree.

Stones are heated on a fire of alder logs which was laid the previous night. While the stones are heating, which takes forty-five minutes or so, Ska'ten carefully lays a mat of fir boughs that have been freshly cut.



The fire has burnt out and Ska'ten forks the hot stones from the alder coals with a long-handled rake. He puts them inside the quil'-sten, sprinkles them with water and pulls the patch-work quilt over the opening to hold the heat.

Having undressed Ska'ten goes into the steam filled bath, taking more water to keep up dense clouds of steam.

After twenty minutes in the sweat lodge he plunges into the cold water of the creek. Then, refreshed in mind and body, he dries in the sun before putting on clean clothes. ◆

Wilderness Canoe Travel

BY CALVIN RUTSTRUM

IN OUR MODERN PLANNED-OBSOLESCENCE we are not apt to find an ox cart nor "a surrey with a fringe on top" parked alongside an automobile. Yet, consider the paradox that the canoe—a travel vehicle conceived by primitive man untold centuries ago—is not at all incongruous today set alongside a pontooned plane or spanned across carriers of a car.

Why has the canoe survived obsolescence? The answers might be suggested by the first Europeans who stood on the coast of North America speculating on travel inland. In their initial report to Europe, they proclaimed: "We can travel at will in the interior with the craft of the savage."

The primary canoe idea as first conceived must simply have been that a craft to be used for travel through a primitive wilderness of land-broken stretches of lakes and rivers had to be amphibious. And amphibious it certainly was, and is, even though its mobility over the land passages—the portages—requires a motivating accessory so versatile and functional as a human being.

The theory that the canoe has not changed over the centuries is not quite valid. Sharply turned-up bows and sterns of early canoes, which so charmed the eye of the artist, have disappeared on properly patterned wilderness canoes in favour of more functional design—flatter, streamlined decks and adjusted gunwale lines that give far superior freeboard advantages. In short, every possible ounce of extraneous material has been pared away from needless projections and redistributed where the canoe will gain its maximum buoyancy with minimum weight and strength in the critical situations of white-water and heavy seas. Modern wilderness canoes—canvas, aluminum, and Fiberglas—that come closest to possessing these advantages are listed generically by the various canoe makers as Prospector or Guide's model.

Selection of canoe size and choice between square stern and paddling types becomes controversial—something I can consider only briefly in this article. If your journey will be slanted for the greatest appreciation and enjoyment of the quiet country, I would recommend paddling every possible mile.

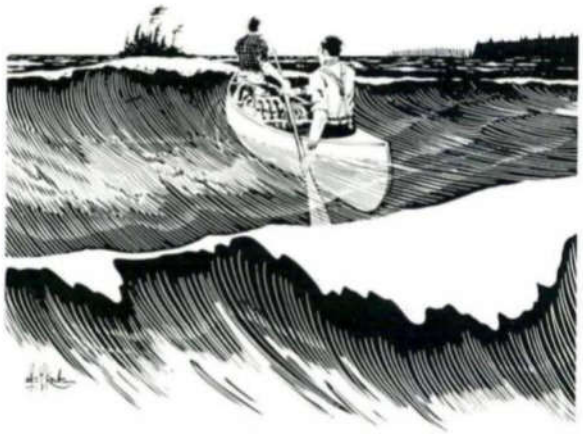
The Prospector or Guide's model in the aluminum canoe carries the greatest load for its weight—the 18-foot, 67-pound canoe having a capacity of 1,158 pounds with a 6-inch freeboard. Canvas and Fiberglas canoes in this capacity are somewhat heavier. If there is need for a motor, I suggest the side motor-bracket mounting on a double-end paddling canoe rather than using a square stern canoe. Let the motor be no larger than necessary. Oversize motors tend to upset canoes; and in upsets, heavy motors too often drown canoeists. Not only does a square stern canoe handle awkwardly with a motor in running rapids or fast water, the stern seat occupant—because of his position farther back than in a paddling

Mr Rutstrum has written extensively on wilderness living and travel, his latest book being "North American Canoe Country," Macmillans, New York, from which the illustrations in this article are reproduced.

canoe—gets a ride on a white-capped lake comparable to the abuse of being spinal-bumped on a toboggan down a rough hill. Also the square stern canoe because of a relative shift in its fulcrum is not as highly manoeuvrable with a paddle.

Like many, I have reached a compromise between paddle and motor. Long runs up fast-water rivers and repeated bucking of white caps against a heavy wind over great stretches of lake, usually decide the issue between paddle and motor.

There are times when you thank the Great Manitou for the day the idea of the outboard motor first trickled through the inventor's head. On the other hand, when you are caught in the rapture of a calm northern wilderness twilight, the mere bump of a paddle against the gunwale can break the spell of solitude like the "clap of doom." The roar of an outboard motor at such times, I scarcely need emphasize, would be more than dissonantly offensive. An Indian once looked pityingly down at me in my canoe and said, "You must be very poor, you have no outboard motor." There is, I am sure, a myopic illusion here, for one comes closer to gleaning the opulence



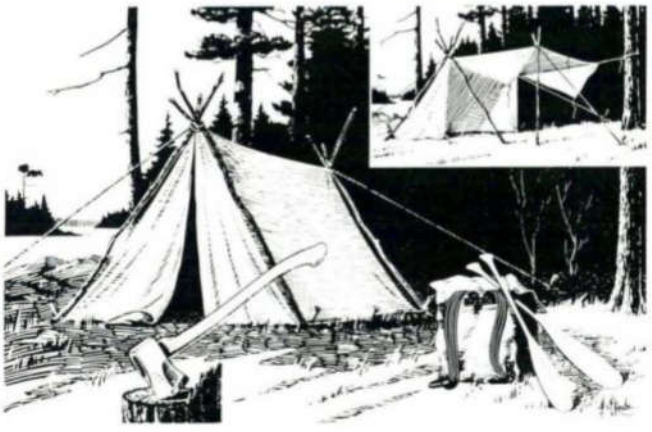
Running a heavy sea—showing freeboard area.

of Nature in the paddling of a canoe through a wilderness wonderland, than can ever be achieved by being booted through it with a raucously-noisy, so-called "kicker."

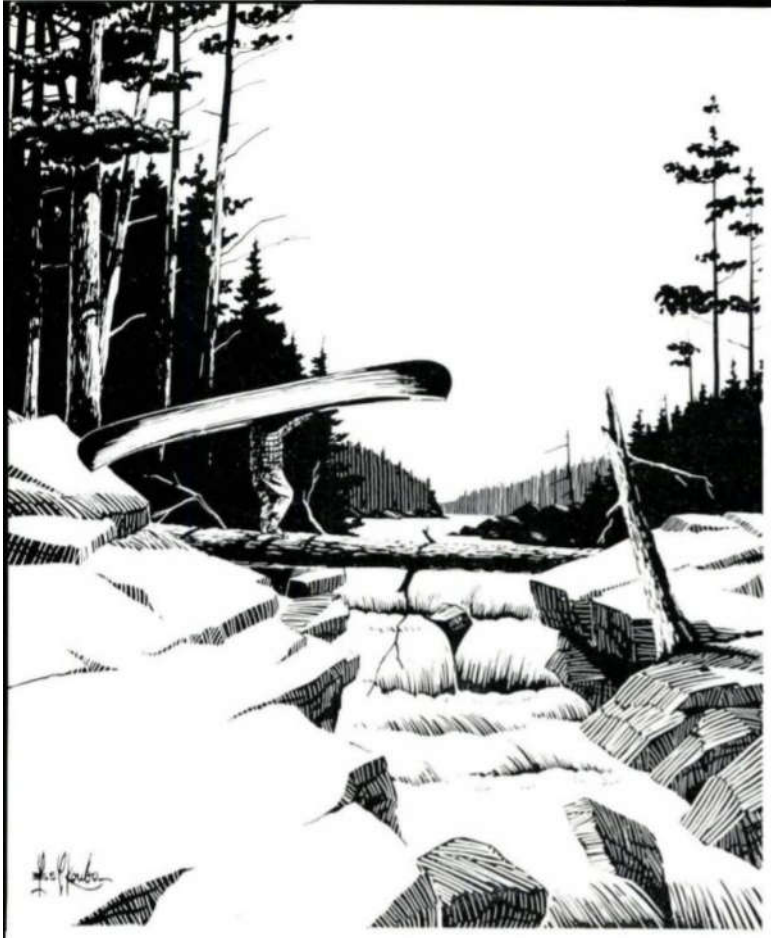
Shelter on a canoe journey seems to invoke more discussion than any other part of the equipment. Tent styles are made in so many different designs that choice is apt to become utterly confusing for those making the initial canoe trip. The difference is only apparent, not actual. Most emphasis has been placed on ease of pitching—no significant advantage offered in the non-convertible tent beyond a dog-housey cloth cell for escape from rain. Unless a tent, while pitched, can readily be converted to varying conditions of weather, little is to be gained in the selection of one tent cell over another. The gist of the matter is that confinement over extended rainy periods to the non-convertible tent does not provide enough diversion to keep up a sustained in-camp interest. This is especially true if the tent is awkwardly small. Where open-fire drying facilities cannot be maintained during actual rain for reducing the humidity in equipment—particularly bedding and clothing—a depressed feeling develops of being continually bogged down in moisture.

My own solution to this general problem was to restyle the traditional wedge tent—sometimes called an 'A' tent. The standard wedge or 'A' tent comes with a short flap entrance opening at one end, and in this form remains just another cloth cell. But by creating flap openings at both ends and running both of these flap openings all the way to the ridge, one-half of the tent can be left pitched, the other half raised to form a liberal canopy under which cooking and diversionary camp activity can proceed during rain. Since the convertibility provides a reflector type shelter for use with an open campfire, humidity in equipment is continually being reduced during actual rainfall. If there should be a sudden change of wind, blowing rain into the open canopy area, the open side can quickly be dropped and re-tied to the originally driven stakes and the other side, away from the wind, then raised as a canopy. Rain frequently brings on rather cold weather even in the summer season. The genial warmth of an open fire reflected by a lean-to tent, along with the cheer it radiates when skies are leaden and the forest is dripping, can be a highly sustaining factor in banishing prolonged bad-weather discouragement.

This type of modified wedge tent is adaptable.



DRAWINGS BY LES KOUBA



Insect nettings, instead of being sewed to the tent access openings, are better made separately to fit the entire inside dimensions of the tent—access being simply a matter of lifting the netting from the ground. The netting then provides insect protection for all of the tent conversions, and during noonday stops the netting alone can quickly be hung between two trees or bushes (on the Barrens using aluminum tent poles), the four corners held down merely with small rocks or sticks. Thus, protected from a host of marauding insects, lunch can be eaten in peace. For photography from a blind, or diversion away from the tent, the netting comes into valuable use. Drab-coloured netting, rather than white, gives clearer visibility and provides camouflage in wildlife photography. The tent ground sheet is best made removable to serve as a pack cloth and a number of other uses. Sod cloths sewed to the lower edge of the tent provide a perfect seal for the ground sheet.

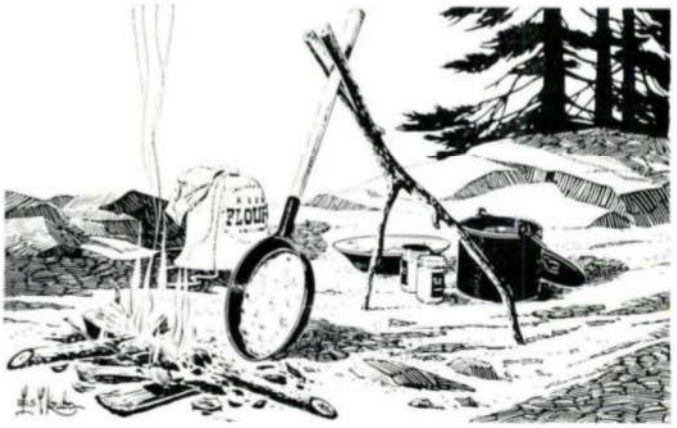
Some slight modification of equipment and procedure needs to be made where canoe travel shifts from the forest area into the Barrens. There the Primus stove will largely replace the open fire, although dry heather and dwarf willow can be found for small, open, cooking fires, where liquid fuel economy is a determining factor. Sectional, aluminum, tent poles will be carried to replace the wood poles cut daily in forest regions.

Primus stoves are also a convenience on forest trips when the humidity is so hazardously low and the wind so dangerously high as to risk a forest fire. Primus stoves in great variety are now available almost in pocket size. Two can be carried in a compact case without adding significantly to weight or bulk of equipment except for the necessary fuel.

Sleep for most of us who by habit need a soft bed, doesn't come simply by resorting to the Spartan voyageur practice of rolling up in a blanket on the hard ground. A full-length air mattress and a down sleeping robe will fulfil the most optimistic need for a good night's rest, although a featherweight, three-quarter-length air mattress is adequate—one's lower limbs needing only the robe. For best results, air mattresses should be inflated just enough to keep the body suspended. The cutting and laying of bough beds require many times the energy expended in carrying an air mattress over portage trails. If the fragrance of coniferous boughs is desired—an admitted pleasure—tuck a few around the pillow. (Some like to keep air mattresses inflated in the canoe as life preservers—a nuisance on the portages.)

Water-free foodstuffs, commonly referred to as dehydrated, now come in great variety suitable for canoe travel. Broadly, they fall into the category of "instant," and are readily reconstituted on the trail by the addition of water. The rather recent freeze-drying processes have provided the means for preserving meat, scrambled eggs, vegetables, and fruits without refrigeration but this product is not readily available. A palatable whole dry milk can be used at once by the addition of cold water, though its taste improves if the milk is allowed to set for a few hours, or overnight if cool weather permits. Instant rice and potatoes can be prepared with hot water

Pan-baking the traditional bannock.



in a minute or so, with no cooking. The latest dried fruits can be stewed without the old-time soaking. The baking of breadstuffs was always a baffling problem for the aspiring camp cook. Now with commercial biscuit mixes, this is easily accomplished in a trial or two, using a reflector oven for biscuits, and a frying pan for bannock, before an open fire.

For protection on the trail foodstuffs should not be left in their original containers. Water-free foods are best placed in thin, polyethylene bags, these inserted in cloth food bags for added protection. Jam, butter, peanut butter, and such items need to be transferred to tins with friction tops, that is, press-on lids. If you value your peace of mind do not carry what might best be described as "gooey" items in plastic bags.

The most neglected aspect of canoe travel, one that consumes inordinate time in getting under way each morning, is badly packed, poorly organized equipment and provisions. Confusion mounts and spirits drop where prolonged rain and a mass of disorganized detail are combined. Unless the packing of all items is made impervious to rain and the effects of a possible upset in rough water, minor and even major tragedies can result. Stuffing such bulky items as sleeping bags, tents, and air mattresses into packsacks or duffel bags becomes a needless and irksome daily task. The following quick disposition of these bulky items at decampment clears the ground for expedient packing of all remaining items:

Spread out the waterproof tent ground sheet and lay the air mattress down the middle with an equal width on either side. Leave about a foot of the ground sheet exposed at the far end for a seal. Fold the tent, if dry, in the same approximate dimensions, and lay it on top of the air mattress. Finally, lay the folded sleeping robes

Using a folding reflector oven.

Packsack and pack basket combination.

in the same dimensional manner on the tent. Now, take the two loose thirds of the ground sheet and bring them snugly up over the pile. Then roll the entire pile as tightly as possible from end to end. The compressed roll can be lashed with a length of No. 5 sash cord, and portaged on top of the least heavy packsack. By its soft adaptive nature it will lodge there securely and carry without lashing. If the tent happens to be wet when packing is underway, or if packing has to be done in the tent during rain, the wet tent can also be carried on top of a packsack.

Soft items such as clothes, water-free foods, and the like, are carried in standard type packsacks equipped with shoulder straps and a head strap. Canned jam, butter, and the like, along with items that might crush or gouge one in the back in a regular packsack, should be stowed in the pack basket.

Neither the packsack nor the pack basket alone will offer adequate security against rain or an upset. Packsacks must have an accessory waterproof bag that can be tied shut, placed inside as a liner. The army clothes bag sold in surplus goods stores—now also made commercially—is suitable for this purpose. The standard pack basket comes with a poor cover and carrying arrangement. Discard all but the basket itself and place it in one of the army clothes bags. Tie the bag shut and set this combination of basket and bag into a standard canvas packsack having leather shoulder straps and a head strap. This pack basket assembly will carry well and prolonged rains or a possible upset cannot wet the contents. All units packed as described, will not only come through a rain dry, but in an upset will float indefinitely.

It is important to divide the numerous small items of both food and equipment into proper categories, using

bags of light material, so that each member of the party has his own clothes bag, and all other items are similarly grouped. This will put half a dozen or so, labelled, easily identified bags in each pack; and when a certain item is wanted, there is no digging through a chaotic mess of small items to find it.

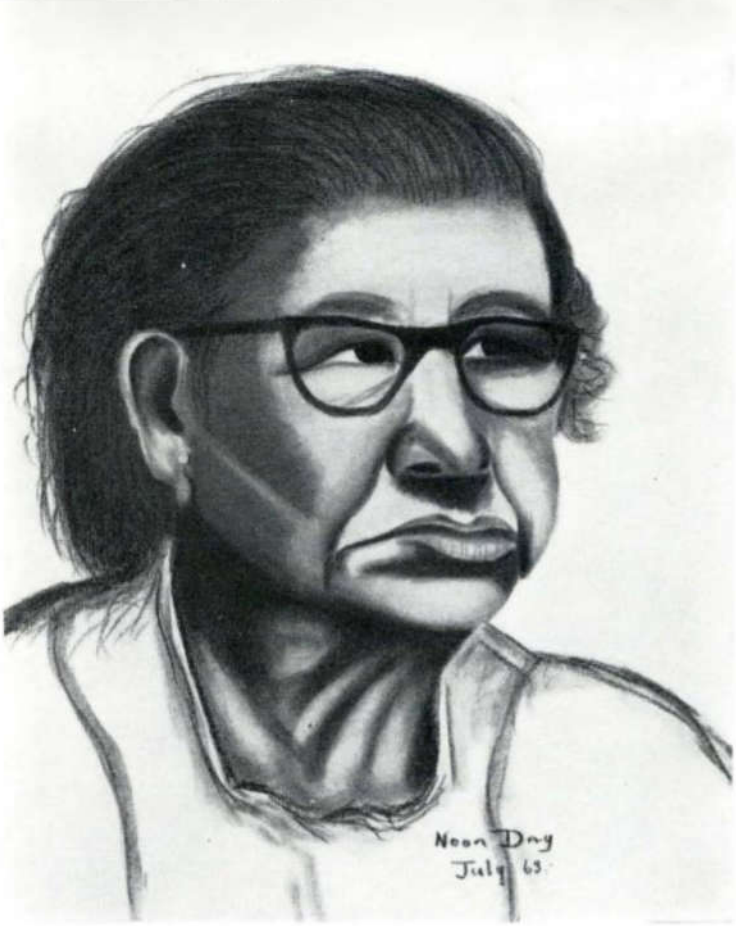
Transporting a canoe to remote embarkation points sometimes creates a problem. Some commercial plane operators will carry a canoe on the undercarriage, others will not, since it involves a change in the aerodynamics of the plane's normal operation. The Hudson's Bay Company has inaugurated a convenient U-Paddle Canoe Rental Service which permits embarkation at certain remote Company posts in northwestern Canada. The canoe can then be left at some trip-terminating Hudson's Bay store, and a chartered flight made to the "outside". At this writing, canoes are available for experienced canoeists at a number of stores, including Yellowknife, Waterways, Ile à la Crosse, La Ronge, Norway House, and at a centralized distribution point in Winnipeg. Because of the presently limited U-Paddle canoe fleet, reservations for canoes should be made long in advance by writing the Winnipeg office of the H B C.

The U-Paddle Service does not rent camp equipment. Outpost Hudson's Bay stores do carry a good line of basic food supplies, but special dehydrated foodstuffs, such as freeze-dried meats, should be brought by the canoeist. Sportsman magazines carry the advertising of numerous commercial canoe outfitters who supply complete or partial canoe trip equipment and provisions. Some supply guides, if desired. The cost is on a per diem basis.

In planning a canoe route the first step is to obtain from the Map Distribution Office, Department of Mines and Technical Surveys, Ottawa, an index map to the National Topographic Series, eight miles to the inch being the most generally useful. Other scales are available but not for every area. From the index detailed sheets covering the selected route of travel can be ordered. Also useful for the specialist, and even more detailed, but not available for all areas, are the geological maps available from the Geological Survey of Canada of the same department. Provincial governments also supply maps of their respective provinces. South of the border maps can be obtained from the United States Army Lake Survey, Detroit 26, Michigan.

We need to be ever aware that many canoe routes in Canada are famous fur and exploration trails, some still in their original wilderness state. Study of their history before leaving, and intensive observation on the way can give the journey a significance that will remain throughout life. ◆

The camera should be ready.



INDIANS ON THE MOVE

BY E. J. COULTER

A sketch of one of the workers at the Indian and Metis Friendship Centre in Winnipeg made by an Ojibwa visitor from Ontario, George Nawgizic.

THE INDIAN APPRECIATES the real warmth built into the word "welcome," whether it is adapted into Cree as *wacheya* or into Ojibwa as *kenenadadnin*, and he values it most highly when he discovers it written for him in English across the doorways to the Indian Friendship Centres—for today he is on the move. Quitting the reserves at the rate of 15,000 persons a year, he is drawn to the larger towns and cities in search of a better and more rewarding way of life.

It was this search for a better way of life which brought eighteen year old Lillian Henry to Toronto, and the Friendship Centre, in the summer of 1964. When she arrived in the city from her home on a reserve near Sault Ste Marie, relatives made room for her in their already overcrowded house in the downtown area. Then she soon found work in a factory, and this paid enough to meet her most urgent needs. But Lillian had another problem. She had remained in school until she achieved Grade 12 standing, because she had a burning ambition to become a photographer. On enquiry she learned that Ryerson Polytechnical Institute was teaching an evening diploma course in this field, but there was a matter of a $75 fee, payable in advance. When there seemed no hope of raising this amount, a friend directed Lillian to the Canadian Indian Centre of Toronto on Church Street.

Mrs Coulter is a free-lance writer, born in the Peace River country and now living in Toronto.

"Elsie Lickers, counsellor at the Centre, arranged to have an interested group of women pay my fee," Lillian related in her softly modulated voice. "Without her help, and theirs, I would have missed a whole year while I saved the money."

The Toronto Centre is one link in a chain of Friendship Centres being forged for the Indian in urban communities. It is housed in small quarters in a former residence, and yet, small as it is, this place is "haven" to one thousand Indians a month who use it as their club all winter, with fewer visiting it during the warm weather. It is a rare moment when there is not an elderly man enjoying a pipe and a television program, or a young person chatting with a friend over a cup of coffee in the comfortable lounge.

The first Centre established was the one in Winnipeg which, after years of planning, opened its doors in 1959. The permanent staff includes an executive director, two court workers and two counsellors, all of whom are Indian. The place is so busy now that there is need for a qualified program director as well as for better premises and facilities.

Other Centres have sprung up all the way from Toronto to Vancouver, although none has yet appeared in Quebec or the Maritimes.

Director Edward Lavallee at the Skookum Jim Hall in Whitehorse. DON SAWATSKY

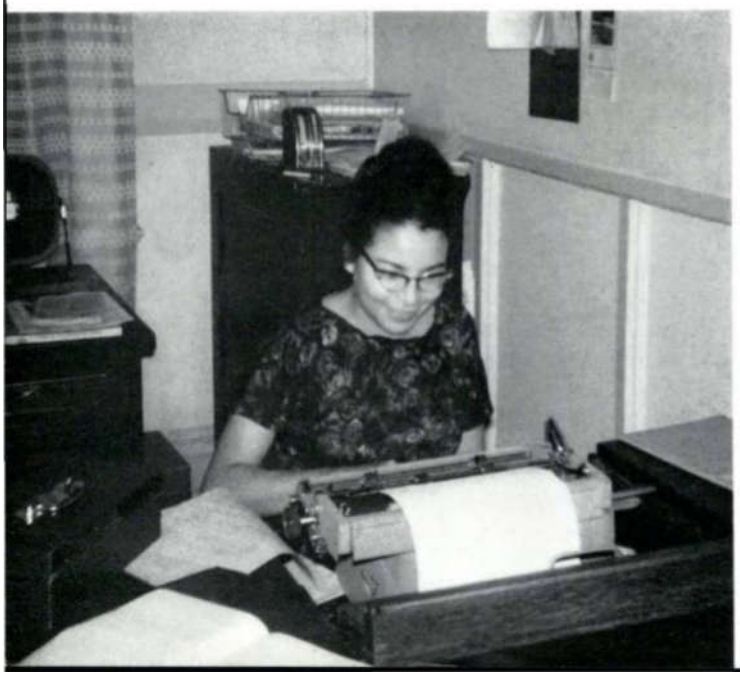
In Kenora, Ontario, the Presbyterian Church operates a Friendship Centre which provides overnight accommodation for transient Indians. The port of Churchill on Hudson's Bay has a small but active one; while farther south in Manitoba at Brandon, an average of one hundred and fifty visitors a month is forcing the staff there to plan for more room in the near future. Gordon A. Brown, executive director at The Pas, Manitoba, advises that the Centre there occupies a large area in an old warehouse building where activities are spread over fifteen rooms, allowing for such things as language and education classes; a reading and writing room; a coffee bar; ping pong games and dances on the premises. "We have our

J. W. COULTER

Whitehorse centre has an appropriately painted wall. Below, Caroline Gordon is busy in the Winnipeg centre.

J. W. COULTER

The Winnipeg centre also has a mural, painted by one of the Indian patrons.



own dance band," Gordon Brown reported enthusiastically, "and we sponsor a local Indian girl in the annual Trapper's Festival."

Saskatchewan boasts Friendship Centres at North Battleford, Prince Albert, Regina and Leask; and in Alberta they are to be found at Edmonton and Calgary, and one is being planned for Grande Prairie. The Calgary Centre originated in October 1964 and within four months had played host to 8,702 people of Indian background.

Unlike the vast majority which are located on busy downtown streets, Vancouver's Centre is situated in a fine residential area. Housed in a dignified building, it is

comfortably and rather elegantly furnished, attracting those persons of Indian origin who are attending schools or university in that city.

In North Kamloops, British Columbia, after two years of talking, the community is beginning to wonder whether its purposes for Indians and others could be better served by establishing a local Y.W.-Y.M.C.A. The planning committee seeks assurances that Indians could be included on the board if this were done; that perhaps some would also be on the staff, and that special programs, oriented toward the urban Indian, would be part of the total program. Mrs Margaret Chapman, program convener for the local Indian group, the Mika Nika Club, says: "Since 'Mika Nika' is Chinook dialect for 'Me and You', we believe that a meeting place for all the community is in keeping with the philosophy of this club."

The Centre established most recently is that in Whitehorse in the Yukon, which opened in November. Edward Lavallee, the Indian director, tells us: "Our Centre is unique in that it originated from a trust fund left by a local Indian, Skookum Jim, whose fortune from the Gold Rush is used for the benefit of his people."

The Yukon Centre is financed from funds supplied by a colourful life, but every Centre is playing a vital role in the transition of the Indian from reserve to urban living.

Centres spring up in communities where a great need for counselling, guidance, and encouragement for the Indian on the move is evident. Nothing in reserve or northern life has prepared such a person for the frightening, complicated living conditions which he faces now. Usually his funds are low or non-existent. Travel about the larger cities is confusing and expensive and he does not know where to turn for information, or accommodation, or where to apply for a job; but once he enters a Centre he is at home for everything there is geared to make him feel welcome, and at least half the staff is Indian.

Many communities establish centres without requesting government financial assistance, but most of those mentioned are supported by federal, provincial and community grants, and function chiefly as referral agencies and counselling services. They are not able to help an Indian materially, but they can and do direct him to the existing welfare offices from which he can get assistance.

The Centres are so popular that James McGuire, executive director of the one in Toronto, expresses the needs of many of the others as well as his own, when he makes the statement: "If funds were available, we would immediately purchase a much larger place in this same general area of the city. We are badly overcrowded here."

Elsie Lickers, the competent, friendly counsellor at the Toronto Centre, handles a wide range of requests and interviews. A Seneca, originally from the Six Nations Reserve in Brantford, she trained as a nurse for a time, and then worked for six years with the Ontario Hospital Service Commission out of their Toronto office.

"I interview about seventy persons a month," Elsie Lickers said. "They bring problems about welfare, jobs, education, clothing, housing and the family. I also visit the court regularly. Indians appear in court in Toronto at the rate of about twenty a month." The charges are usually for minor offences or vagrancy and the court worker or counsellor can often assist Indian and magistrate by helping to explain actions.

Last year Elsie Lickers attended a training course at the University of Saskatchewan for those engaged in urban Indian work. "The whole course was helpful, but I believe I derived most benefit from 'Role Playing'," said Miss Lickers, and then she further explained: "Each of us took the role of either the counsellor or the person with the problem, and it seemed easier for me to determine how to work through to a solution when I became one of the persons involved."

Executive director of the Winnipeg centre is Mary Defender, originally from a Sioux reserve who has had extensive administrative experience in the States.

H. ALLAN

Most of the Centres provide regular, organized social evenings. Rufus Johnston, a frequent visitor at the Toronto Centre, smiled as he remembered: "We are friendly people. One night in January, eighty of us squeezed into this building to enjoy a turkey dinner. No one complained if he had to sit on the stairs, or stand all evening. And everyone who hears about them, turns out for one of our favorite meals, the Corn Soup and Scone suppers prepared by the women."

During the past winter, James McGuire organized weekly skating and swimming sessions for the young people, using a local rink and pool. Educational films, speakers and discussion groups are all a part of the program, as are the Alcoholics Anonymous meetings held on the premises of most Centres. The books which have been donated to form a modest library, are borrowed frequently, those most often asked for being novels and educational material. Handicrafts are encouraged, some worked on the spot, others brought in for sale as is done at the Winnipeg Centre where always a high standard of craftsmanship is maintained.

Elsie Lickers, counsellor and court worker at the Toronto centre, with David Ossawabine from Manitoulin Island. A. E. ROBERTS

Some of the Centres circulate an Indian newsletter. The Pas keeps subscribers informed through the pages of *The Birch Bark Mail*. Brandon has *The Scout*. People in the Indian and Métis Friendship Centre in Winnipeg produced and published a successful paper, *The Prairie Call*. From its pages a subscriber could learn old time recipes, such as How to Make Bear Fat Pastry ($\frac{1}{3}$ cup of bear fat to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour and salt); and How to Bake a Skunk (clean, skin and wash. Bake in oven with salt and pepper. Tastes like rabbit; no smell. Fat good for whooping cough.) As well as printing legends and stories of days gone by, readers were informed as to the time and location of Indian Council meetings, Festivals and Pow-Wows; and given news of individuals and their achievements.

One issue of *The Prairie Call* carried an evaluation of the Fellowship Centres, calling each a "half-way house," where the Indian feels at home and where the non-Indian comes to meet him. To quote this editorial: "It is vital that there be a place, somehow of his own, in the cold and alien world of the city, for the Indian. This must be a place of Friendship for the young and the old, the frightened and the hostile; for the lost and the weary, and for the hopeful and the aspiring."

The women are active in every Centre, serving on committees and organizing group activities. In Toronto there is an Indian Women's Auxiliary. "There are about twenty of us," the president, Mrs Rush, told me. "We raise money through rummage sales, suppers and the sale of handicrafts; and we have a yearly bazaar where the exquisite needle and beadwork of the women is quickly bought up. From our funds we make an annual donation to the Centre, and we provide free coffee and tea, and money for street car tickets for those visitors who may be momentarily embarrassed by lack of funds."

The Ladies Aide Group of the Winnipeg Centre, whose president is Amy Clemons, now belongs to the local Council of Women, the first Indian and Métis group to be asked to join this national organization.

The existing Friendship Centres answer a great need, but there are not enough of them. Many of those now

Children in the Indian centre in Toronto prepare for Christmas.
TORONTO STAR

established, if occupying more spacious quarters and supplied with better equipment, would prove even more beneficial than they are. And Ernest McEwen, director of the Indian-Eskimo Association, believes that the Centres, important though they may be, are only a part of the bridge which must be built for the Indian. He suggests also a rehabilitation and re-orientation program such as was developed following the Second World War —a program designed to make the returning men aware of the kind of adjustment they must make to fit back into society. "There is a great need for someone with imagination to foresee the needs of the Indian in the same way. Provision must be made for training him to fend for himself in our society."

James McGuire expressed the feeling of several directors of Friendship Centres: "It would be most helpful if advice were given to the Indian before he leaves the reserve, or the northern community where he lives. It would save many headaches and much grief when he arrives in the city."

No doubt Mr McGuire was thinking of people like George Lehaie, who brought his wife and three children to Toronto from the Cochrane area. Although Mr Lehaie soon found a modest clerical job, city expenses made it impossible for him to provide household items for the family and he had to turn to the Friendship Centre for help.

DAVE NICHOLL
President of the Women's Auxiliary at the Toronto centre is Mrs Len Rush, here seen in the centre with some of the handicrafts that are displayed.

Ernest McEwen and others in the Indian-Eskimo Association have been thinking deeply about the problem. "It would seem," mused Mr McEwen, "that a system of hostels and training centres could be instituted in the cities, to be jointly financed by provincial and federal governments. Indians would be trained there to equip them to qualify for city jobs. They would be paid while they were being trained, and much of the training personnel could be Indian. In the hostel they would learn the social graces of the white man's community. Then there would be need of a placement officer to find jobs which would move the Indians out of the hostels into city life."

Even with such a training plan, the Friendship Centres would still provide the fellowship and homelike atmosphere which offset the basic insecurities of the Indian in strange surroundings. They are, in fact, the first girders of the strong bridge which must be built for those who choose to leave the limited life of the reserves and cross over into the more profitable area of the urban community. ◆

NORTHERN BOOKS

THE FRENCH & BRITISH IN THE OLD NORTHWEST

By Henry Putney Beers. Wayne State University Press, Detroit; Ambassador Books, Rexdale, Ont., 2nd printing 1965. 297 pages. $12.95

Reviewed by W. Kaye Lamb

Students of the history of the Old Northwest will welcome this "bibliographical guide to archive and manuscript sources", which compresses an astonishing amount of information into 193 pages of text and a hundred additional pages devoted to a list of bibliographical sources and a detailed index. In the words of the preface, the volume sets out to present "an historical account of the acquisition, preservation and publication by American and Canadian institutions of the original records created by French and British officials in the Old Northwest (the region south of the Great Lakes) chiefly during the eighteenth century, and of officials and governing bodies of Canada relating to that region" which involved Quebec and Upper Canada (Ontario). The term "governing bodies" is meant to include the governments of France and Great Britain, and the book describes many relevant sources in archival collections in both countries.

Each of the four sections of the text begins with a historical summary that is a marvel of compression and precision. Innumerable exact names and dates make these sections in themselves a most convenient reference. Then follow descriptions of the sources, including such details as the location of the original documents and of transcripts or microfilm copies.

Most of the senior colonial officials, French and British alike, regarded the records of their activities as their private property and made off with them when they left the country. Such important people as governors, intendants and military commanders-in-chief were amongst the worst offenders. Dr Beers notes the whereabouts of the papers that are known to have survived, and describes the efforts of Canadian and American institutions, notably the Library of Congress and the Public Archives of Canada, to secure either the originals or copies of them. For the most part, land records, judicial records and census records were left in the colonies, as were many of the papers relating to church and missionary activities. London, Paris, Quebec, Ottawa and Toronto have the richest collections of original papers, while the largest collections of transcripts and microfilms are in Ottawa and Washington.

Inevitably there are omissions, but there is no need to labour the point. Collecting and copying are both proceeding at such a brisk pace that parts of the text are already somewhat out of date, but this is true of any bibliography relating to a subject in which research is active. This is a volume which can fairly be described as being indispensable for scholars in the field.

Dr Lamb is the Dominion Archivist of Canada.

NORTHWEST COAST INDIAN ART An Analysis of Form

By Bill Holm. University of Washington Press, Seattle, and London, 1965. 115 pages, illus. $7.50 U.S.

Reviewed by George Swinton

Bill Holm's book is the first monograph of the Thomas Burke Memorial Washington State Museum. It is an auspicious beginning. *Northwest Coast Indian Art* is a very beautiful book and it is also an important contribution to the fields of art and anthropology. In fact, it enlarges considerably the relatively new field of aesthetic analysis of art in anthropology as opposed to the ethnological, symbolical, or purely formal approaches prevalent earlier. Its most distinguished feature is the author's sensitive yet scientific approach in coming firmly to grips with elements of art which often have been considered intangible.

The book contains one hundred pages of concise text and eighty well integrated illustrations and diagrams, in addition to fifteen pages of statistical tables, comprehensive bibliography, and excellent index. The information is to the point, well documented and well presented. The only shortcomings here are obviously economic problems of book design which beset all authors requiring correlation of text and images. However, in this book these shortcomings are only few and I mention them merely because I feel that the extra fifty cents of retail price it would require to remedy them would be of great benefit to the reader.

Bill Holm's study concerns itself with the two-dimensional surface decoration of Northwest Coast Indian art (Tlingit, Haida, Tsimshian, Bella-bella, Bella Coola, Kwakiutl. He feels that ". . . although varied in provenience, material, size, and purposes . . ." the various chests and boxes, dishes and bowls, rattles and masks, robes and crest hats, walls and poles, etc. "are related to a surprising degree in the organization and form of their two-dimensional surface decoration" and he attempts to reconstruct the rules on which the underlying system of design principles was based.

He then stresses the idea that the same "principles that govern two-dimensional design can also be applied to the plastic [three-dimensional] art of the area; in fact, the two art expressions are so interrelated that it is at times hard to say where one ends and the other begins." I feel that this is only partially true, inasmuch as in some pieces the three-dimensional form dominates completely, and colour and two-dimensional decoration are used solely to enrich the surfaces rather than to define the designs. This is particularly true of rattles, helmets, dishes, pipes, and the many argillite carvings which have been produced for trading purposes. These exceptions, however, do not invalidate Holm's theory of the predominance and function of two-dimensional design in Northwest Coast Indian art, but they indicate the need for a similar analysis of three-dimensional form with notes on its history and its relationship to Western (scrimshaw) influences.

Among the many achievements of Bill Holm's book is his concern to make a distinction between principles of conventional representation, symbolism, and composition (i.e. design organization or form). Previous writers have omitted to make such distinctions. In the spirit of Franz Boas's method, they confined themselves to stylistic descriptions and were, therefore, never quite able to come to grips with the essential character of the so distinct art of the Northwest Coast. Bill Holm, recognizing the insufficiency of this method, set out systematically to find the principles underlying the collective form of Northwest Coast art. He did not satisfy himself with verbal descriptions, but correlated his findings in terms of visual form and relationships. He found that symbolical and

representational imagery were subject to rules of two-dimensional design which he then proceeded to enounce.

To give some idea of his method I am quoting his findings on the three loose categories according to the degree of realism in design, for which he uses the terms configurative, expansive, and distributive:

"1. When the animal to be represented is shown with an essentially animal-like silhouette, perhaps occupying a great part of the decorated field but not distorted so as to fill it entirely, and still exhibits the characteristics of the art style, it can be considered an example of *configurative design.*

Fig. 6. Woven spruce root hat, Haida. A configurative design of a split wolf is painted around the hat in black, red, and blue-green.

"2. When an animal is distorted, split or rearranged to fit into a given space, but the identity of the essential body parts is apparent and to some extent their anatomical relationship to one another is maintained, the resulting arrangement can be considered an example of *expansive design.*

Fig. 7. Woven spruce root hat, Haida. An expansive design representing a beaver is painted in black and red.

"3. When the parts of the represented animal are so arranged as completely to fill the given space,

Fig. 8. Woven spruce root hat, Tlingit. Slightly more than half the design is shown as if flattened out. The front of the design runs inward from the edge on the right, the back on the left.

consequently destroying any recognizable silhouette and ignoring natural anatomical relationships, the arrangement can be called a *distributive design.* Though it may represent a particular animal and may consist of elements representative of that animal, the requirements of space filling have so distorted it that it is difficult or impossible to identify the abstracted animal or the exact symbolism of the parts."

After discussing the various materials and techniques (painting, relief carving, a combination of the two, engraving, weaving and appliqué), he continues with style and tribal variations, the decoration of masks and totem poles, and then discusses the two major elements of the art—colour and form. It is, of course, impossible even to indicate all the contents of the book in so short a review, particularly without using Holm's interpretative diagrams and illustrations. Suffice it therefore to list a few of his concepts; the rest will have to be obtained from the book itself which, by the way, is not easy reading because it demands a high degree of concentration. However, it is well worth the effort for the amateur and I consider it absolutely indispensable for the professional student of art.

Holm's concept of colour and form are closely knit together. The primary colours—black and, sometimes, red—are used for the formlines of the design. The formline itself is the primary design element on which all Northwest Coast art depends; it is the "positive delineating force of the painting" (or relief, or engraving), all other elements are subordinate. These elements are the secondary and tertiary shapes (including ovoids, U forms, and eyelids) which correspond to secondary colours (red or, sometimes, black) and tertiary colours (mostly blue-green). Their use, as well as that of such elements as eyes, joints, cheeks, hands, feet and claws, determine the design as traditional space fillers within the two-dimensional structure of the formline.

Depending on the interest and knowledge of the reader, these descriptions may sound simple or complex. They represent the basic data of Holm's fascinating theory. He then proceeds to integrate these findings into a system of principles of form and organization, again on the basis of correlated and collective information, all of which is finally subjected to statistical analysis by means of a check list and Keysort cards. Holm's account of his research and his findings constitutes a major contribution to the study of art in general and to Northwest Coast Indian art in particular. As an artist, I personally welcome his approach and I feel quite certain that similar studies are needed not only in the field of "ethnological" art but also in the analysis of all art forms of all civilizations. They would represent a healthy counteragent to art criticism which far too often is based on rationalizations of purely subjective value judgments. Scientific analysis can never be a substitute for sensitive understanding but could certainly help in attaining it. Bill Holm's book makes an excellent point in this regard.

Distinguished artist and professor of art at the University of Manitoba, Professor Swinton is represented in collections throughout Canada. His book, "Eskimo Sculpture" was published last year.

ESKIMO ADMINISTRATION III: LABRADOR

By Diamond Jenness. Arctic Institute of North America, Montreal, 1965. Technical Paper No. 16. 94 pages. Members $2.00, non-members $3.00.

Reviewed by Douglas Leechman

This study of Eskimo administration, the third of the series, deals with the Labrador and follows the sections on Alaska and Canada, with Greenland still to come. A study of the same subject in Siberia would be valuable indeed, but the difficulties of research in that darkling area make it almost impossible from this side of the Iron Curtain.

Here Jenness has maintained the same high standard of research that has distinguished the previous volumes, and it has not been arm-chair scissors-and-paste work in a comfortable study, but actual visits to some of the places mentioned and a first-hand examination of present

day conditions. When one discovers that the author was born in 1886, this insistence on thorough investigation becomes all the more admirable.

The Labrador—it's always "the" Labrador, just as it's always "the" Yukon, except among the purists who've never been there—has enjoyed a peculiar situation throughout its known history, a situation that had both its advantages and its disadvantages. It is divided into two natural parts, the southern coast from the Strait of Belle Isle to Hamilton Inlet, and the northern coast from Hamilton Inlet to Cape Chidley at the far tip, and the histories of these two halves are far from parallel.

From about 950 onwards the southern part appears to have been visited often by the Vikings, who met Eskimos there, but five hundred or so years later, when fishermen working the Grand Banks put ashore for fresh meat and water as they frequently did, they found Micmac and Beothuk Indians there and in Newfoundland rather than Eskimos.

As Jenness points out, the northern half of the Labrador was not subjected to this invasion and was left in almost complete peace until 1752 when Jan Erhardt, a Moravian missionary, landed at Hopedale to found a mission. He and his five companions were murdered by the Eskimos and the attempt to establish missions was not renewed till 1771, at Nain. Eventually several stations were successfully established and Moravian rule continued until 1914. The situation was, in some respects, similar to that in Greenland, where the government prevented contact with white outsiders to the very real benefit of the people.

In later years, the Moravians had the full support of Sir William MacGregor, Governor of Newfoundland, who died at his home in Wales only this year (January 1966). He took an earnest and active interest in the well-being of the Eskimos, seeing that health and education were looked after, and trying to establish a sound local economy.

As the Moravian hold weakened, more and more whites came in: fishermen, trappers, traders, and settlers. They mingled freely with the natives and today one no longer knows or cares what blood lines are mixed in any individual. One result has been that most of the people now speak English which they certainly did not when I was in Killinek in 1934.

This is certainly one of the most important studies of the Labrador extant; my only regret is the lack of an index. May we hope for an inclusive one at the end of the last volume?

Dr Leechman was formerly head of the division of anthropology at the National Museum of Canada.

THE CHANDALAR KUTCHIN

By Robert A. McKennan. Arctic Institute of North America, Montreal, 1965. Technical Paper No. 17. 156 pages, illus. Members 3.00; non-members $4.00.

Reviewed by Catharine McClellan

Professor McKennan, who has already given us a fine monograph on the Upper Tanana Indians, now offers another glimpse of a native way of life which has virtually disappeared. This is a straightforward description of the Chandalar Kutchin Indians of northeastern Alaska as they were living in 1933 and—to the extent that they could remember it—as they had lived in earlier times. It is a valuable addition to the ethnography of the northern Athapaskans.

Occupying the height of land between Fort Yukon and the Arctic ocean, these Indians were known to the early voyageurs as *gens du large*, but the term was soon corrupted to Chandalar. They are also known as the Neyetse-Kootchin, Netsi Kutchin or by other phonetic variants of an Athapaskan name meaning "those who dwell off the flats". At the time of McKennan's summer visit they were still quite isolated and had been reported only briefly by a few 19th century Hudson's Bay Company men, a missionary and some geologists.

McKennan arrived on the East Fork of the Chandalar in a pioneering air flight. He worked first with the Arctic Village band. As he points out, this Arctic Village is not to be confused with Robert Marshall's "Arctic Village" which is really Wiseman on the Koyukuk. He then travelled with the Indians by skin boat down the river to Chandalar Village, now known as Venetie. On the way he made a brief side trip to a summer hunting camp of Christian's band.

The three bands mentioned have such a feeling of group unity that McKennan designates them as a single tribe. He distinguishes them from the Dihai Kutchin immediately to the west with whom they have intermarried. Chandalar relations with other Kutchin to the south and east, as well as with the Eskimo to the north, were also fairly amicable.

In contrast to many Kutchin, most of the Chandalar lack access to salmon. Their ecological niche is a high piedmont and alpine terrain, and even though recent climatic changes have meant a spread of timber as well as an increase in moose, only the river valleys are well wooded. In the previous century the high Chandalar country provided a last foothold for the Alaskan muskox. McKennan feels that combined ecological factors have probably kept the native population in the area at about 200.

The author systematically describes the subsistence cycle and technology which revolved largely around caribou hunting, the social organization, and the intellectual aspects of Chandalar culture. The last half of the book comprises a substantial collection of mythology and other tales. This reflects a focal interest of the Indians themselves. Indeed in the old days whenever two men met who did not often see each other, they at once began a story-telling contest.

All of the data have intrinsic interest both for the general reader and for the specialist. McKennan's long familiarity with the north gives context and balance to his material. For example, we are becoming increasingly aware of the role of the Hudson's Bay Company in introducing to Alaska cultural traits once considered to be indigenous. *Beaver* readers may be interested to learn that the Chandalar attribute their use of both pemmican and of skin boats to Hudson's Bay Company influence. McKennan's guess that the Sagithuk trickster cycle is a Cree import brought by French *coureurs de bois* is equally intriguing and is borne out by my own mythology from neighbouring Athapaskans in which I can match almost every incident from the Chandalar tales, but not one from the Sagithuk cycle. The information on sibs, matrilocal residence and chiefs adds significantly to our knowledge of northern Athapaskan social organization, and we welcome, too, important new data on shamanism.

Professor McClellan who has worked extensively in the Yukon drainage area is with the Department of Anthropology at the University of Wisconsin.

GROUP OF SEVEN DRAWINGS

By Paul Duval. Burns & MacEachern, Don Mills, Ont. 1965. $10\frac{1}{4}$ x $11\frac{3}{4}$. $9.50

Mention the Group of Seven and one immediately thinks of the bold, colourful representations of the Can-

adian scene that were the early depictions of the new world freed from the overlay of traditional European style of landscape painting. The Group has been denigrated, but they were men of originality and courage whose work has had a great influence.

To see the large plates in this handsomely produced book is to realize how much one misses the colour in the landscapes of the brooding countryside. But it is also a renewal of interest in the human studies of Varley and Holgate, the satisfying urban scenes of Lawren Harris, the pleasing pencil work of Carmichael and Casson, the dramatic effects of Jackson.

Drawings by all members of the Group, including Casson and Holgate who joined later, are shown in seventy plates, most of them seen for the first time outside of private collections and these sketches add much to one's appreciation of the more familiar paintings of the Group. An introduction by the art critic Paul Duval, who knew the artists, briefly explains the background of the sketches in a statement agreeably free from jargon, and he adds short biographies of the artists.

This book will be treasured by everyone interested in the development of Canadian art. *MB.*

THE MAKING OF THE NATION
A Century of Challenge

By William Kilbourn. The Canadian Centennial Publishing Co., Ltd. Toronto, 1965. 128 pages, illus. $2.95 by subscription.

Reviewed by C. P. Stacey

During the last year or two a new industry has arisen in Canada: the Centennial industry. Whether the Confederation centennial will be a good thing for Canada or not remains to be seen; but it is clearly going to be a Good Thing for the promoters of the industry. The industry's acknowledged king is Mr Pierre Berton, and this volume is the first item in one of his larger Centennial projects, the Canadian Centennial Library. The Library is produced (wouldn't you know?) by the Canadian Centennial Publishing Co., Ltd., and this first volume also bears the imprint, "Weekend Magazine/McClelland and Stewart Limited". In addition to all this impressive tycoonery, we have "Text for picture albums by Pierre [himself] Berton and Ken Lefolii"; and lastly there is Mr William Kilbourn, who (the book assures us) "has often been described as the liveliest writer among Canada's leading historians". He, apparently, wrote the exiguous main text that is squeezed in among the pictures.

It was actually a very good idea to put together a picture book of Canadian history for this occasion, and this one has been handsomely produced. Perhaps the best pictorial stuff in it is the cartoons and photographs. The coloured illustrations are often decidedly familiar; one is forcibly reminded of the relative poverty of Canadian iconography. Several of the best-known official paintings of the First War are here; some of those of the Second would have been a welcome substitute for the rather garish colour photograph reproductions of present-day cities and industrial sites ("by George Hunter, Canada's famous flying photographer") that cover a good many pages. But pictures are intrinsically interesting things, and even a less than first-rate collection like this may arouse a degree of curiosity about Canadian history in some of the many minds which the subject has never yet touched. Needless to say, this book is not for the people who already know anything much about it.

As for Mr Kilbourn, he was worked hard to sustain that reputation for liveliness. Perhpas he has done rather less in some other ways. As a matter of fact, though it may be unkind to say so, Mr Kilbourn's text sometimes gives me the same feeling I get from perusing the works of Mr Bruce Hutchison: that I am involved with a person who writes brilliantly but never quite learned to read. It is always bright, genuinely clever and, unfortunately, thin. Inevitably, vast areas of the topic are missing. Less inevitably, some of what is here is latter-day legend rather than history. Thus he says of Mackenzie King that without him "the 'Destroyers for Bases' deal that helped save Britain would probably have failed to materialize". In fact, King had almost nothing to do with that deal. And on the next page we read, "The most serious challenge to King's rule came at the end of the war"—and discover with some surprise that it came from the C.C.F. Quite a few people will go on thinking that the most serious challenge came from within King's own party, and that it came in 1944. That incident, however, is not in this book.

Nevertheless, whatever carpers may say about Mr Kilbourn, he is undoubtedly a better historian that his colleagues Messrs Berton and Lefolii. On the fairly numerous occasions when his text differs from theirs, it is Kilbourn who is right. On the 1885 rebellion, he speaks of "the first national military force in Canada's history"; they speak of "British redcoats" and "regulars" and other similar nonsense. It does seem a pity that the two sections of the firm could not have got together.

Formerly head of the Canadian Army historical section and latterly with the Department of History at the University of Toronto, Professor Stacey is temporarily with Canadian Forces Headquarters as director of history.

RACCOONS AND EAGLES

By Polly Redford. E. P. Dutton, New York; Clarke, Irwin & Company, Toronto, 1965. 254 pages. $5.50.

Reviewed by Clarence Tillenius

This is a delightful book: to have missed reading it would be to have missed something highly rewarding.

For Polly Redford is a writer who is at one and the same time deeply sensitive and dedicated, yet gifted with a lively sense of humour for the irresistable drolleries of both human beings and animals pursuing their ends with the smug absurdity of the self-centred.

Anyone who ever had a wild animal pet—particularly a raccoon—must instantly recognize Mrs Redford as a sister-under-the-skin when he reads: "... Whenever people ask me if raccoons make good pets, I always reply that raccoons make fascinating pets, hilarious pets, attractive pets, even spectacular pets, but never good pets—because raccoons are naturally bad."

This book is not only a natural history of two animals—raccoons and eagles—with a larger place in the history of this continent than most people know, but also a wonderfully well put statement of why wilderness and wildlife have come to claim an increasingly larger share of our national concern.

Listen while Mrs Redford muses on what nature study and wildlife preservation is all about: "... It is one of the grotesqueries of modern life that every wild thing you see—every trout you catch in a quiet stream, every walk you take in the woods, every bird and animal you watch in a national park—probably represents several pounds of paper work. Someone, somewhere has sponsored it, protected it, paid for it.

"This is just as dreary as any other office work. People who do it think it worth the effort, not because they are sentimentalists (surely, there is nothing sweet about eagles or any birds of prey) but because they find themselves enlarged and enlightened by living with things that are not man-made. Within each nature lover lies a kind of claustrophobia, a feeling that life in an entirely artificial world without mysteries and without surprises is truly inhuman. They know that though wildlife has scientific, recreational, and even commercial values, its primary purpose to us is a moral one.

"I know, for I am one of them."

Yes, read Mrs Redford, and then resolve to go out and enlist in the cause.

Mr Tillenius' wildlife paintings are the result of long study in the wilds.

THE VINLAND MAP AND THE TARTAR RELATION

By R. A. Skelton, Thomas E. Marston, and George D. Painter, with a Foreword by Alexander O. Vietor. Yale University Press, New Haven and London, 1965. 291 pages, 19 pl., 10 figs. $15.00.

Reviewed by Alan Cooke

Not since the discovery of the Dead Sea scrolls has there been such a stir over an historical document as the continuing excitement over the Vinland map of 1440. Some have sniffed at what one critic called the "aggressive timing" of its publication, but the public in general has followed the course of events with mounting interest and pleasure. Really, one cannot help wondering what will turn up next.

It all began about A.D. 1000 when Leif Eiriksson led a party from Greenland to colonize a part of the New World, which he named Vinland. Leif was following sailing directions given him by Bjarni Herjolfsson, who had sighted new land when blown off course some years before. Whether Leif bears the same relation to Herjolfsson as Columbus bears to Leif is beside the point. And so, for present purposes, is the plain fact that the Indians had got here first.

The existence of Vinland was never wholly lost sight of in Europe, for memory of it is preserved by Adam of Bremen, who wrote about 1075, and in 13th and 14th century Icelandic sagas. It seems doubtful that Columbus knew of these accounts. In any case he was looking, not for new or lost lands in the North Atlantic, but for a westward route to India. The location of Vinland has been a matter of speculation among scholars and amateurs since 1705 and a matter of lively controversy for more than the past century. Fresh light has been shed on the problem of locating Vinland by the excavations, since 1961, of Helge and Anne Stine Ingstad in northernmost Newfoundland. Here they have found a typically Norse site that provides a series of Carbon-14 dates of about A.D. 1000 in a location that conforms remarkably to the saga descriptions of Vinland.

While the Ingstads were patiently picking away at their site in Newfoundland, a trio of scholars were putting together for Yale University an exhaustive description of a most remarkable discovery. They had before them the first known map to show any part of the New World and a hitherto unpublished account, here called the Tartar Relation, of the mission led by the Franciscan friar, John of Plano Carpini, to central Asia, 1245-1247.

Mr Laurence Witten, a New Haven bookseller, had obtained the map and the relation in 1957, and he showed them to Dr Thomas Marston of Yale University Library. The two items appeared to belong together, but they were in a recent binding and it could not be conclusively proved that they had always been together. However, in 1958 Dr Marston, in ordering a manuscript from a European dealer, decided at the last minute to order also another manuscript, a part of Vincent de Beauvais's *Speculum historiale*. When the two manuscripts arrived, he happened to show them to Mr Witten, who asked to take the Beauvais manuscript home with him to examine it more closely. He then recognized that Dr Marston's manuscript had formerly been one in a volume with the Vinland map and Tartar Relation, and that watermarks, marks of binding, matching of wormholes, and continuity of script among the three items could be made to show, beyond reasonable doubt, that map and relation were units in a larger work copied about 1440.

The chances against the two volumes ever coming together—across the Atlantic, at that—and then being recognized as a unity are enough to stagger the most romantic mind. That they did come together richly enhanced their value.

In fact, the map adds little or nothing to what was hitherto known of Vinland. Easily the most astonishing thing about the map, if the date is accepted, is the perfectly recognizable shape of Greenland. Certainly this representation strongly suggests that the Norse must have circumnavigated Greenland sometime before the worsening of ice conditions in the Arctic Ocean about 1200. More attention will, no doubt, be directed to this point.

In addition to photographic representation of the Tartar Relation and the Vinland map (and certain other old maps), Dr Marston describes the documents and their dramatic history, Mr Skelton of the British Museum describes the map and its historical importance, and Mr Painter, also of the British Museum, translates and comments on the relation and its association with the map.

Publication of the Vinland map on any date would have secured the world's attention, for it is, after all, unique. But feelings were a good deal aroused by the book's appearing just when it did, after Leif Eiriksson Day (October 9) and before Columbus Day (October 12). One United States senator of Italian descent went so far as to denounce the whole Vinland business as a communist plot.

It was a bold venture by Yale University Press to seek, in so learned a volume, a commercial success, but their venture succeeded. The first printing, 5,000 copies, sold out in five weeks and a second printing of 5,000 was ordered forthwith. One would be cynical indeed to hold that the interest of the public in this expensive book is chiefly the result of controversial publicity and not of a keen and general interest in the history of discovery. I look forward confidently to more, perhaps many more, such discoveries during the next few years, and to still greater public interest in them. Imagine, for a moment, the scene should the Irish bring forward new evidence to show that one of their race reached the New World before the Norsemen. The possibility is far from unlikely.

After two years research and graduate study in England, Mr Cooke has returned to the staff of the Centre d'Etudes Nordiques at Laval University.

AN EARLY BRAND

In April 1797 at Buckingham House on the North Saskatchewan River Peter Fidler wrote that the blacksmith had made the Company mark, which he sketched, to burn upon horses, and made another to put on when they were sold to Indians:

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EYES OF THE NIGHT

a bobcat flashed in a spruce tree.

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